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THE SISTER.

BY EDWARD EVERETT, GOV. OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Yes, dear one, to the envied train,
Of those around, thy homage pay;
But wilt thou never kindly deign
To think of him that's far away?
Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,
For many years I may not see:
But wilt thou not sometimes the while,
My sister dear, remember me?

But not in fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all—
O, think not, think not of me there,
But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
And hush'd the voice of senseless glee,
And all is silent, still and lone,
And thou art sad, remember me.

Remember me—but, loveliest, ne'er,
When, in his orbit fair and high,
The morning's glowing charioteer
Rides proudly up the blushing sky:
But when the waning moon-beam sleeps
At moon light on that lonely lea,
And nature's pensive spirit weeps
In all her dews, remember me.

Remember me, I pray—but not
In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
When every brake hath found its note,
And sunshine smiles in every flower:
But when the falling leaf is sear,
And withers sadly from the tree,
And o'er the ruins of the year
Cold Autumn weeps, remember me.

Remember me—but choose not, dear,
The hour when on the gentle lake,
The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,
Soft rippling, to the margin break;
But when the deaf'ning billows foam
In madness o'er the pathless sea,
Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam
Across them, and remember me.

Remember me—but not to join,
If haply some thy friends should praise;
'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine,
To echo what the stranger says.
They know us not—but shouldst thou meet
Some faithful friend of me and thee,
Softly, sometimes, to him repeat
My name, and then remember me.

Remember me—not, I entreat,
In scenes of festal week-day joy,
For then it were not kind or meet,
The thought thy pleasure should alloy;
But on the sacred, solemn day,
And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,
Sweet spirit, then remember me.

Remember me—but not as I
On thee for ever, ever dwell,
With anxious heart and drooping eye,
And doubts 'twould grieve thee should I tell;
But in thy calm unclouded heart,
Where dark and gloomy visions flee,
Oh there, my sister, be my part,
And kindly there remember me.

THE PARTY OF SIX.

A TRAIT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By John Inman.

Beppo Antonio, sole proprietor of the Hotel Della Madonna, situated in one of the quietest streets of the Eternal City, stood at the open door of his dining-room, with a comical blending of hope and grief in his pale and not very engaging countenance. It was a dull time of year for travel, and Beppo had serious doubts whether his tables were not set out to no purpose; for as yet, though his helpmate had sent up three times from below, to say that the macaroni was boiled almost to a paste, and the fish fried to a cinder, not a creature had taken his seat at one of the little tables, and ordered even a bowl of minestra. There was indeed one person within the room—a tall, elderly man, with gray hair and blue eyes, and enormous queue dangling half-way down his back, and a remarkably hungry look peering out from his face, and indeed characterizing his person—but this man's garments were seedy, not to say shabby; and though he had been walking backward and forward, from one end of the room to the other, for more than three quarters of an hour, he had as yet called for nothing: and Beppo nourished a huge suspicion that if he should order and eat his dinner, payment was not quite so certain to follow as he could wish. "Some broken down *militaire*," muttered Beppo, his heart almost prevailing to give the poor fellow a meal and a cup of wine, at the risk even of catching a scratched face or a curtain-lecture from his better half, down below; "some poor kicked about vagabond, that has been standing up to be shot at, the best part of his life, for three pauls a month, and now that fighting has gone out of fashion, is left either to beg or starve, just as best suits his convenience."

Beppo was probably right in his conjecture. The stranger's port was erect, and his walk up and down the room was as much like a soldier's march on parade, as it was like any thing. Besides, his complexion was bronzed by the sun, his chin was upheld by a stiff leather stock, and his coat, though very much worse for wear, had a standing collar, edged with tarnished gold lace. He was an old soldier, past question, and as certainly very poor, or appearance sadly belied him.

At length Beppo's anxieties were relieved. The veteran pretermitted his march, and seating himself at one of the tables, called for a bouilli and a measure of brandy; and by the time this command was fulfilled, the despairings of Beppo were not a little alleviated by an influx of customers to his boiled, broiled, and roasted.

First came an old gentleman, tall and thin, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, a remarkably narrow head covered with stiff white hair, and small black eyes, which the frosts of some seventy winters had not yet robbed of their fire. He was plainly but handsomely dressed in blue coat and pantaloons of very fine cloth, and apparently new, and wore upon one finger of each of his small white hands, an antique ring set with a jewel of price. His expression was grave and sad, and before he sat down he crossed himself with an air of the deepest devotion. He was accompanied by a lad, or rather young man, of about seventeen, remarkably handsome, with large hazel eyes and a beautifully shaped head, covered with masses of dark curling hair, with whose tangles the fingers of beauty might love to play. His deportment toward his aged companion was full of a charming reverence, softened down by affection, and the eyes of the old man often raised upon his bright, blooming face, with a look of the tenderest love, slightly tempered with sorrow.—They conversed together in French, but, like the veteran who preceded them, gave their commands to Beppo in good Italian, strongly marked with the sharp French accent. They asked for a *potage a la julienne*, an *omelette aux fines herbes*, and a bottle of sparkling champaigne, which they drank diluted with water.

The next was a younger man, of perhaps thirty or thirty-five. His complexion was very dark, his hair cut short, and black as the blackest of jet, his lips thick and prominent, his nose flat and unmeaning, his figure inclining to corpulence, and his expression vulgar, coarse, and even ferocious. His beauty was not improved, withal, by a huge pair of mustaches. He was rather foppishly dressed—a purple frock-coat, red waistcoat, and blue pantaloons, with a broad red stripe down the sides. His fingers were covered with rings, a heavy gold chain encircled his neck, descending into his left waistcoat pocket, and his heels were adorned with a pair of exceedingly long gold or gilt spurs, that jangled against the floor and each other at every step. He demanded an *olla podrida*, well seasoned with garlic, and two bottles of wine—one of port and the other of sherry.

After him came a stout, rather good-looking man, of fifty, or thereabout, with a bald head, a short, black, curling beard, a merry black eye, and a clear olive complexion. He wore a frock-coat of the latest Parisian cut, a shawl-pattern waistcoat, red slippers, and trousers of [illegible] macaroni, a carafe of lemonade, and a finger-glass half full of rose water, with which he refreshed and perfumed his hands before he began eating.

Then followed a man of about thirty, with a broad German face, heavy blue eyes, and red hair, cropped close to his head. He was tall and stout, but awkward in figure and movement. His clothes ill-made, but of the finest quality; and his boots were covered with mud, that had been on them long enough to become perfectly dry; a long meerschaum pipe was in his right hand, and the moment he sat down he placed a large gold snuff-box upon the table before him, just at the side of his plate. He called for a German sausage, some boiled fish, a stewed rabbit, plenty of bread, and a bottle of first-rate Geneva. His Italian was scant, and most inharmoniously qualified with a plentiful sprinkling of deep German gutturals.

Six gentlemen were now taking their dinner under the roof of the rejoicing Beppo Antonio; and although he would have been glad to administer to the appetites of three times as many, still it was much better than having his eatables left on his hands, unconsumed and unpaid for. "One more for good luck," muttered Beppo, "and I'll lay out a couple of *crazzie* in oil for the lamp of my patron St. Joseph, over the way; one more for good luck and the odd number."

His petition was heard; one more just at this moment entered the room, and, taking his seat, called for a glass of iced-water, a bowl of pea-soup *a la puree pommes de terre au maitre d'hotel*, and a large dish of *beignets de pommes*, or, as we should call them in English, plain apple-fritters, which, be it observed, they cook in Rome to perfection. He was a young man of fair complexion, well-dressed, but with nothing remarkable in his appearance, and was at once set down by the landlord, as well as the other guests, for an Englishman on his travels. His method of speaking Italian went far to confirm this suspicion.

During the few minutes that elapsed between the issuing of his directions and their fulfilment, the new comer had glanced over the persons of all his companions in eating, and smiled at the chance that had brought together men of so many different nations as he supposed them to represent. The veteran he set down as a Prussian; the old man and the youth as natives of France; the man with the mustaches and red waistcoat as a Spaniard or Portuguese; him with the beard and bald head as a Maltese Jew; and the drinker of gin as a Swiss or German. He was proceeding to speculate on their several occupations, when his reverie was cut short by the entrance of four waiters, each bringing one of the four objects, the which together made up his dinner.

The important business of eating proceeded for some time in grave and respectful silence, and at length was completed. Beppo was busy in one corner of the room at his little desk, making out the respective accounts, and the seven strangers were meditating, probably, where they should go or what they should do next, when a ponderous carriage stopped at the door, drawn by four handsome fat horses, with coachman and footmen, all in the pope's gorgeous livery. Beppo rushed like a madman from the room to ascertain the meaning of this phenomenon, and in a few moments returned, walking backward and bowing at every step to the ground, before an officer of the papal court, evidently of high rank, if one might judge from the splendour of his dress and decorations. The massive gold chain around his neck, to which was suspended a large golden key, and the white wand in his hand, proclaimed him at once to those familiar with Roman dignities, no less a personage than the chamberlain of the pontifical household.

The moment he entered the room, his velvet cap was removed from his head, and advancing with three low bows to the elderly Frenchman, he placed before him a letter bearing a broad purple seal, which he drew from a magnificent box of crystal, inlaid with gold, and blazing with jewels. The stranger perused it, and then gave it into the hand of his youthful companion, who did the same. A few words in French were exchanged between them, and then the elder, addressing the papal officer, said, in Italian:

'Be pleased to convey our acknowledgments to his holiness, and say that we have visited Rome without any public object, and that our wish is to avoid observation. Nevertheless, we duly appreciate the attention of his holiness, and will gladly avail ourselves of his kindness; we will, in person, express our thanks more at large for his courtesy.'

With another profound bow the chamberlain received this brief and ceremonious communication, and only replied by saying:

'The carriage will attend your majesty's pleasure.'

He then gathered up his robes and backed himself out of their presence, preceded by Beppo, who stared like a conjurer, and bowed lower than ever.

The eyes of all the other five strangers were now fixed on the old Frenchman and his companion, and all were smiling except the water-drinking supposed Englishman. His gaze was earnest and curious, but very respectful. The silence that ensued was broken, after the lapse of a few minutes, by the bald-headed man with the beard and the red slippers, who rose from his seat, and waddling across the room, followed by his dog, planted himself in front of the old man so strangely addressed with the title of monarchs, and, with a queer twinkle of his laughing black eyes:

'By the tail of the holy camel! by the golden shoes of the prophet's mule! Here is a friend of mine come to light! Inshallah! what dirt is this? You are a king then? a king of France I suppose; a right royal infidel! I should be glad to know, if your majesty pleases, what you have done with my little kingdom, and why you took it away from me? By the soul of my father but this is good; here is a man that has robbed me of my crown, and yet couldn't take care of his own!'

'Your kingdom! your crown!' said the personage thus addressed, with a look of the most unbounded surprise.

'Yes, my kingdom, my crown!' repeated the fat man with the beard; 'I had a kingdom once, as well as yourself; and six dozen wives besides.—Now I have only nine. I couldn't afford to maintain them all—and the insolent people at Naples wouldn't allow me to tie them up, each in a sack, and throw them into the bay—so they all went off and got married. I am, or rather I was, the Dey of Algiers, at your service.'

'My good friend,' answered the French deposed monarch, 'you shouldn't blame me. I knew nothing about it. Prince Polignac managed that matter entirely. I had my hands full in taking care of my soul.'

'Oh well, it's no matter now. We won't quarrel about it, since you are as badly off as myself, thanks be to Allah!'

'Very true,' answered Charles; 'it certainly is not worth while to quarrel about it now. But I hope you are comfortable in other respects. Allow me to introduce my young grandson, Henry the Fifth.'

The Dieu-donne bowed gracefully, and the Dey, shaking him heartily by the hand, wished he might live for the next thousand years. Then drawing a chair and seating himself between them, he turned to the royal Charles, and continued:

'Comfortable! Oh yes, by the blessing of Allah, I do very well, all things considered. I have my nine wives still, a good appetite, and some diamonds left. The eating is very fine here in Rome, and also at Naples; and I am delighted with Punch in the puppet-show.'

At this juncture the man with the mustaches stepped up to the trio, and offering his hand with a grin to the ex-monarch of France, grumbled out, in very bad French:

"Odd enough, royal brother of France, that here should be four sovereigns without crowns or subjects, meeting by chance at an eating-house. I was a king too, in my day. You didn't acknowledge my right, I believe; but if it had not been for those rascally Englishmen, I should still sit on the throne of Portugal."

'Don Miguel!' exclaimed the tenth Charles: 'My dear young friend, I am happy to make your acquaintance. This is a very unlooked for pleasure. Dey, be friends with my royal cousin, the ex-king of Portugal.'

The Dey shook hands with the Don, who also seated himself at the other side of the table. Charles called for three more bottles of champaigne, and Miguel produced a roll of delicate little segars, which, he affirmed, were made purposely for his own use, of the very best Cuba tobacco. He offered them round to his companions, but they were [illegible]

subject for study and speculation. He sipped his iced-water, and pretended to look over a memorandum book which he had drawn from his pocket, but his ears were attentive to what took place at the other side of the room, and his eyes often wandered furtively in the same direction. The German took huge pinches of snuff, hummed snatches of airs from the Freyschutz, and mixed glass after glass of strong gin and water and sugar. The old soldier rested his head on his hand, the elbow propped on the table, and seemed lost in thought of no very cheerful description.

The conversation between the four grew lively and mirthful. Charles related from his habitual sadness, and now and then perpetrated a joke at the expense of his lucky successor and cousin, Louis Philippe. Henry gave full way to the natural cheerfulness of his age and temperament.—Don Miguel laughed like a clown at a fair, and the Musselman told some very queer stories with a delightful gravity. The champaigne was renewed, and the whole party were fast advancing to a state of excellent good humor with the world themselves, and each other.

But all this seemed to affect the German very annoyingly. He grew more and more fidgety, plunged his fingers into his snuff-box every half minute, vapored about with his meerschaum, and put less and less water to his gin, at each replenishment of his tumbler. It was evident from his wishful looks that he was dying to join the merry and royal party. At length, with a doubtful look, half foolishness and half fun, he rose from his seat, and gravely advancing to the four ex-monarchs, bluntly asked leave to make one at their sederunt. His reception was characteristic.

The elder Bourbon drew himself up with a look of hauteur; Henry started up with a flushed cheek, and an expression of countenance that intimated a disposition to kick the intruder out of the room; Miguel scowled, and poured out for himself another glass of champaigne; and the Mussulman, whose perceptions were now somewhat affected by his potations, stroked his black beard, and with a suspicious twinkle of his still black eyes, gave voice to his cogitations:

'By the tail of the prophet's mule, illustrious stranger—hem—you're a very respectable person, no doubt—hiccup—but you see, friend, such tipple as this—(Allah forgive me if it's wine!) is fit only for kings—hiccup—and deys—and sultans—you understand; and although you're a very respectable person, as I said before—hiccup—and excellent company for your equals, excuse me for saying—hiccup—that you had better stick to your own drink, whatever it is—hiccup—and leave us to ourselves, you know—hiccup. Another glass, most royal of infidels, and I'll drink with you, in the name of the prophet, although you did steal my crown, and drive me out of my kingdom.'

The latter branch of this sage discourse was addressed to the ex-king of France, between whom and the merry Mahometan there seemed to be an excellent good understanding, despite of bigotry on the one side, and the remembrance of injury on the other. The reply of the gin-drinking gentleman soon put a new face on the whole matter:

'Yah, yah, my good friend; what you say is quite right, strafe mich Gott. Der champaigne is only fit for kings, and if I were no more than a beggarly merchant or mister, or even one of the barons or counts that swarm all over this pitiful country, I should think shame to intrude on your good company. But I am a sovereign too: or at least I was, not long ago; before my rebellious subjects, der hagel confound them, got up and burnt my palace about my ears, and drove me out of my dominions. Six months ago I was Duke Charles of Brunswick and Lunenburg.'

The four boon companions at this announcement shook hands with the duke, and made room for him at their table; and Henry the Fifth of France rang the bell, and ordered another glass and another flask of champagne.

As the wine circulated the five deposed sovereigns grew more and more jovial. Duke Charles volunteered a German song with a droll chorus, at which the dey laughed himself almost into convulsions, although not understanding a word of it.—Young Henry, pleased at seeing his grandfather so much beguiled of his melancholy, exerted himself to increase the pleasure and harmony on the meeting, with excellent tact and success. His wit was gay and sparkling, and his demeanor a graceful compound of ease, elegance, and active politeness, beautifully tempered with the modesty becoming his age, and the respect due to his elder brethren in misfortune. Don Miguel grinned and said nothing, but drank like a fish; and as to the poor dey, the unaccustomed liquor was making fast inroads upon his powers, mental and bodily.

At length, when the song was finished, the younger Bourbon, after exchanging a few words in a low voice with his grandfather, rose from his chair, and crossing over to where the veteran still sat absorbed in reflection, addressed him in French, and to this purport:

'Mon camerade—for I too am a soldier, though a young and untried one—will you not do us the favor to join our party, and help us to empty a bottle of this very excellent wine? You have heard our conversation, no doubt, and learned that we are all princes in exile and misfortune. An old soldier is worthy to be the companion of kings upon whom no cloud has fallen, and our misfortunes have not made us proud. Will you not join our company?'

The veteran had raised his face and fastened his eyes on the blooming and ingenuous countenance of the speaker; he now rose to his feet, and placing his hand with a solemn and touching dignity upon the young man's head, exclaimed with deep emotion:

'My son, the blessing of an old man, full of years and sorrows, be upon you. I will gladly and gratefully accept your invitation. The voice of kindness is not so familiar to my heart as to make it unwelcome, even from a stranger. The old soldier thanks and blesses you. But before I take my seat among your friends, know that their misfortunes and your own are as nothing compared with mine. They have fallen from no greater height, and to no such depth of poverty and wretchedness as an unkind fate has singled out for me.—Return to your friends, and say to them that the exiled and lonely Colonel Gustafson is happy to forget his sorrows for a time in their good company.'

At that name all rose to their feet, except the dey, who was now scarcely able to sit upright.—The sad and stately Charles, the half-witted Brunswick, and even the brutal Miguel, paid willing homage to the sorrows of one not less exalted in birthright than themselves; and deep was the respect with which they received and welcomed the poor, deposed, and time-worn king, Gustavus of Sweden.

It seemed that another errand of politeness and benevolence, not unmingled, perhaps, with curiosity, now presented itself to the mind of the young Bourbon. The water-drinker was now the only solitary stranger in the room, and he had risen to depart, moved, it is not to be doubted, by a feeling of respectful delicacy, to which none but a brute could be insensible, in the presence of one so hallowed by misfortune as the uncrowned monarch who once had set upon the throne of Gustavus Vasa. Already, perhaps, had curiosity and wonder betrayed the stranger into what might be regarded as a violation of good-breeding, although certainly a king has no more right in a public house than any other man who pays for what he has, and makes no disturbance. It would have been more generous, if not more courteous, to leave the royal party to themselves at an earlier moment; the singularity of these successive disclosures had kept him a listener and spectator; but now he felt that it would be uncivil and unmanly longer to remain a spy upon their conviviality. Such at least may be supposed to have been his sentiments, for he arose and drew on his gloves; but the young heir of France had already determined upon his line of conduct. Advancing to the stranger, and addressing him in very correct, and, for a Frenchman, well-spoken English, with a good humored smile playing upon his lips and beaming in his eyes, he was more adventured to become the ambassador of his royal friends:

'It is not,' he said, 'presuming too much, I trust, upon the strangeness of this encounter, to which you, sir, have been a witness, to ask you the favor of becoming also a party. It will afford great pleasure to my grandfather and myself, and I am confident in making the same assurance in the name of these other unfortunate personages, with whose history you are, no doubt, acquainted.'

'Perhaps,' he added, with a smile, 'it is my good fortune to address another dethroned king or sovereign prince.'

'Not so,' answered the stranger. 'Mine is no such distinguished name. I am a simple citizen of the United States, where none is higher or lower than his neighbour.'

'And as such most heartily welcome,' said the young ex-monarch. 'Our party is now singularly complete. Six sovereigns and a republican, who owes allegiance to no power, save the law. And now,' he continued, speaking in Italian, 'permit me to present you to my grandfather.'

The American placed in the hand of the young king a card, and was introduced to the royal party by name and title, 'Mr. ——, citizen of the United States.'

'President at some future day, perhaps,' added Henry, with a smile and bow.

'Or, it may be, king,' answered his grandfather. 'It would not be more strange than what has befallen us here to-day.'

THE UNTIMELY JEST.

Mordaunt Ormesby had been the acknowledged lover of Cecilia Davenant, for some months, and their union was only deferred until he should have taken orders. His fortune was considerable, and her's was very great, so that pecuniary considerations were of no weight with them. One evening I accidentally overheard a conversation between them, which gave me some painful doubts as to their future happiness. They had just returned from a walk, and as they seated themselves on the piazza, near the window, where I was reading, Cecilia exclaimed in a half petulant tone.

'Really, Mordaunt, you have grown so stupid and dull lately, that you are absolutely tiresome—what is the matter with you?'

'Tiresome,' returned he, in a tone of melancholy sweetness, which thrilled my very heart, 'tiresome even to you, Cecilia?'

'Oh! well, I didn't mean tiresome exactly; but what is the reason you are always so dull? I wished you loved mirth as well as I do.'

'I am sorry you even indulge such a wish as that,' said he, gravely, 'as you well know it is one which can never be gratified. I love to see you gay, but certainly never expect to possess such a frolicsome spirit myself.'

'I declare I am absolutely afraid to talk to you, you take every thing so seriously,' returned she. 'I once heard you called the knight of the rueful countenance, and I really believe you deserve that title.'

This was touching Mordaunt in the tenderest point. His dread of ridicule rendered him tremblingly alive to such a remark.

'Pray who was witty enough to bestow such an appellation upon me?' inquired he in a tone of pique.

'There,' said she, laughing, 'didn't I tell you that you took every thing too seriously; now you are vexed about that harmless jest.'

'Will you be so kind as to inform me the name of the person?' asked he, in the same tone of vexation.

'Oh, I forget,' answered the heedless girl. 'Ned Willoughby, I believe.'

I was about to start forward and repel the false accusation, when Mordaunt replied.

'No, Cecilia, that I cannot credit; whoever it might be, I know it was not Edward. He has too much regard for me to wound my feelings by unmerited ridicule. I can easily believe that woman's affections are governed by caprice, but with man's nature I am better acquainted. *You* may be amused by a senseless jest even when I am the subject of it; but Edward Willoughby would never heap ridicule upon his friend.'

He spoke this in a tone of the deepest mortification, but she only laughed still more heartily! He rose hastily.

'Cecilia,' said he, 'I am not just now in the humour for merriment. If you will trouble yourself to recollect that on the coming Sabbath I am to preach my *first* sermon, you will probably understand the reason of my gravity. Allow me also to remind you that you have in your possession a manuscript which I wish to make use of on that occasion. As you probably have been too much occupied to peruse it, will you be kind enough to return it to me?'

'Oh, I cannot go for it now,' said she, carelessly. 'I suppose it will be time enough to-morrow. I dare say you know it by heart already.'

'I know somewhat too much by heart,' muttered he. 'I will send for it to-morrow.' And before she could reply, he bade her good day and departed.

As soon as he was out of sight, I issued from my retreat.

'For Heaven's sake, Cecilia,' said I, 'take care what you are doing. I have overheard all your conversation; and, believe me, you are trifling with Mordaunt in a manner which you will repent.'

She burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

'Why, really, sir, I thank you for advice, but I have seen him in such a humor fifty times. He will come to-morrow and beg pardon for his ill humour. I will pout for a little while and then forgive him, and we shall be as good friends as ever.'

In vain I remonstrated with her. The thoughtless girl had too often seen the power of her charms to doubt it now, and I left her with a painful presentiment of evil upon my mind.

The next day was Saturday, and Mordaunt, who was deeply impressed with the importance of the task he had undertaken, shut himself up in his room, and begged I would not interrupt him.

'Shall we go to Mr. Wilson's this evening?' said I.

'No, replied he, hastily; 'Cecilia's gaiety is too oppressive sometimes. I have reflected upon the duty which I have to perform to-morrow until I am unfit even for your society. My feelings are not in unison with her light and cheerful spirit.'

In the evening I was admitted to his apartment and found him despatching a note to Cecilia, requesting the return of his manuscript. The messenger was delayed a long time, and finally returned without it, saying 'Miss Davenant was engaged with company, but would send the manuscript in the morning.' Mordaunt bit his lip, and the flush of anger passed over his pale cheek as he dismissed the servant.

'Edward,' he said, 'I sometimes do not know what to think of Cecilia. She is so incorrigibly volatile that I frequently fancy we never can be happy together. Last week I gave her the sermon which I intend preaching to-morrow, with a request that she would read it and give me her opinion of it. Perhaps I asked too much from a gay and giddy girl; but she might at least have tried to comply with my wishes. I have in vain endeavored to obtain possession of it since, and I dare not trust myself in the pulpit without it; for although I am perfectly familiar with every line, yet I know my self-possession will fail me when I am compelled to address a large audience.'

I saw that Mordaunt's feelings were deeply wounded, and I in vain endeavored to sooth them. Though it was rather late, I went to Mr. Wilson's house in the hope of getting the manuscript, but Miss Davenant had retired to her apartment, and returned unsuccessful.

The next morning, as soon as I thought Mordaunt would admit me, I sought his chamber. He was exceeding pale, and I could easily discover that he was very much excited. About an hour before church service the manuscript arrived. Mordaunt opened it, and after reading the first few pages, said,

'I have no time to overlook it now. I believe I must trust my memory.'

We went to the church together. An unusually large audience was assembled; and, seated in the front pew directly below the pulpit, was the gaily attired and beautiful Cecilia. Mordaunt read the psalm in a low sweet voice, which, like the air, rather felt than heard, seemed to pervade every part of the building. The prayer which followed was one of the most affecting appeals to heaven that ever issued from the lips of mortal. When it was finished he sat with his face bent down between his hands as if to recover strength for the more important task which now awaited him.—At length he rose. His voice was exceedingly tremulous as he repeated the text which he had chosen, but in a few minutes his self-possession seemed to return, and his manner, so firm, so dignified, and so impressive, gave new force to the truths which his eloquence had adorned. The [illegible] tion. He appeared busily turning over the leaves of his manuscript as if in search of some connecting link which had been wanting. His search seemed in vain. His brow grew almost black with suppressed agitation. A slight titter began to be heard among the younger part of the audience. Mordaunt was still silent. At length a laugh was distinctly heard from the pew which Cecilia occupied. Mordaunt bent over the pulpit and for a moment fixed a stern and wild gaze upon her. He in vain endeavored to speak. The words seemed to rattle in his throat, but he could form no articulate sound. He sat down. The more serious part of the audience remained in mute amazement, while the laugh had become almost universal among the young people. After the lapse of several minutes Mordaunt again rose, and in a low and hurried voice, muttered something about the loss of a part of his sermon, and hastily apologising to the audience, abruptly left the church. The confusion which followed can scarcely be conceived. I made my way to Cecilia as soon as possible. Her immoderate mirth convinced me that she knew more than any one else of the mystery. But I could get no information from her, and, disgusted at her heartlessness, I left her and hastened to Mordaunt. In vain I knocked at his door and implored to be admitted. He refused to allow me to see him. I could hear him pacing his apartment with steps which betrayed his agitation. But it was not until some hours had passed that I was allowed entrance. His face was dreadfully pale, his eyes blood-shot, and his whole appearance was that of a man just recovering from an attack of epilepsy. The mystery was soon explained. In the anticipation of a frolic, Cecilia had cut out a leaf of the sermon.—Taken completely by surprise, Mordaunt entirely lost his self-possession. In vain he endeavored to regain the thread of his discourse. Overwhelmed by mortification and anguish (for he well knew that it could be ascribed to no hand but Cecilia's) he was unable to frame a connecting link for his ideas, and the consequence was utter humiliation.

After a long and agitating conversation between us, he rose to seek Cecilia.

'Shall I accompany you?' said I.

'If you choose,' was the reply; 'but remember I must see her alone.'

When we arrived at the house I took a seat on the piazza with Mary, while he, having requested a private interview with Miss Davenant, retired to the drawing room.

What passed during the time they remained together I never heard. Mary and myself were completely engrossed in the discussion of the painful circumstances in which a thoughtless jest had placed both. I remarked with some surprise that Mary seemed much agitated, and spoke of her cousin with a degree of severity very foreign to her usual sweetness and gentleness. For a moment a suspicion that Mordaunt might have found a more congenial spirit in her, crossed my mind, but the recollection of her uniform tranquillity during the progress of his love affair with Cecilia, entirely destroyed the probability of it.

In a few minutes we heard a confused murmur from the room. The low and tremulous tones of Mordaunt's voice were distinctly heard, followed by the accents of deprecation, and entreaty from the lips of Cecilia. By degrees the voices were raised. We heard Mordaunt utter these words:

'I have loved you as few men can love, as few women deserve to be loved; but in proportion to the strength of my affection, is now my hatred. I know that christian charity would condemn me for this, but I cannot help it. You have humbled me to the very dust, trampled upon my feelings, ruined my prospects, and crushed my spirit beneath a weight of humiliation which can never be shaken off, and at this moment the poisoned adder is less loathsome to my sight than the vain and senseless being who could sacrifice her best affections to a senseless jest. Farewell.'

In an instant he issued from the room, and hastening down the steps of the piazza, scarcely allowed me time to overtake him before he arrived at his own apartment. The next morning a note was handed me from Mordaunt, stating that he had quitted the country forever. I hastened to his lodgings, but he left them at day-break, taking with him all his baggage, and none knew his destination. What were the feelings of Cecilia at this unforeseen event, I never knew. She loved Mordaunt as well as such a gossamer spirit could love, but she probably soon forgot his loss and her folly. She immediately left Princeton, and a few months afterwards I heard of her marriage with a southern planter.

Fifteen years passed away, during which time, being deeply engaged in professional duties, I heard nothing of my early friends. One afternoon conversing with a gentleman from England, the discourse turned upon the popular preachers of the day. He mentioned one who had for some years, he said, attracted the largest audience in London.

'One of your countrymen, too,' added he, 'educated, I believe, at Princeton.'

Feeling a vague sort of interest in his account, I asked the name of the popular preacher.

'His name is Ormesby.'

Scarcely believing my own ears, I eagerly questioned him concerning his private history, and was told that he had taken up his abode in London about ten years since, had soon became very popular, had accepted a valuable gift of a nobleman who was very much attached to him, and through whose means he had risen to the highest dignities of the church; that he had been married about five years to an American lady whom he had met with in London, and finally, that he was living in great splendor, as much beloved for his virtues as honored for his talents.

As I was upon the point of visiting England myself, I obtained Ormesby's address, and my first visit after my arrival in London was to him. He received me with the utmost affection, and introduced me with a smile to his wife, the identical Mary Wilson whom I had once known at Princeton. I learned from his own lips the particulars of his history. After he had been for some time established in London, he accidentally encountered Mary Wilson, who, with her father, was travelling in search of that health which a hopeless love for Mordaunt had destroyed. He had by that time learned more of human nature, and he could not long have remained blind to Mary's partial regard. He offered his hand, and never had cause for one moment to repent his generosity.—Though not warmly attached to her when he married, her sweetness of temper and tenderness had won his most devoted affections, and they were now completely happy. I ventured to ask about Cecilia. He smiled sadly.

'She is a widow, the mother of two destitute children,' said he. 'Her husband squandered away her fortune, treated her with the utmost harshness, and finally died of intemperance, leaving her without a friend or a shilling in the world. She is now an inmate of my house. Mary sent for her as soon as she heard of her misfortunes, and for the last two years she and her children have been members of my family.'

The next day I dined with him and saw Cecilia. Her sunken eye and pallid cheek told a melancholy tale. Her spirits were entirely gone, and when I contrasted the blooming appearance of the happy Mary with the faded and wretched countenance of her once brilliant cousin, I could not but feel that Cecilia had paid dearly for *an untimely jest.*

From the National Atlas.

REFLECTION.

And *I must* die! this mortal frame
Must mingle with its parent earth,
And my undying spirit, wing
Its way, to *God* who gave it birth.
But *how* I shall put off this clay,
And when I shall resign my breath—
Is known to him, and him alone,
Who proved *victorious* over death.
While through these veins flows *youthful* blood,
While every thing affords delight,
And every view of future bliss—
Imagination pictures bright.
Then may go out the fixed decree,
Then may I leave all earthly things,
My spirit from its burden free,
Soar upwards on immortal wings.
Perhaps when middle age arrives,
And nearly past th' allotted day,
The "last dread enemy" may come,
[illegible]
Or when my head is grey with age,
[illegible]
Or in whose hands are life and death,
May the "destroying angel" come,
[illegible]
Though I am not allowed to know,
Whether at morn, at noon, or eve,
Lord! may I be prepared to go. E. C. J.

LECTURE ON PRINTING.

Delivered before the Portsmouth Lyceum, by C. W. Brewster.

The Periodical Press.—Extensive Printing Establishments—Influence of the Press in Increasing Knowledge and advancing the interests of Mankind.

The first Newspaper published at regular intervals was issued monthly at Venice, in Italy, about 250 years since. It was called the Gazetta—signifying a little treasury of news. The number of copies issued of this first paper must have been very limited—for the jealousy of the Venetian government would not allow of the circulation of a printed sheet, so that the Gazetta continued to be distributed in Manuscript for more than thirty years. Files of this paper are now extant.

In the whole Chinese empire, although Printing has been so long practised there, but one regular newspaper is published at the present time. It is a sort of court journal, issued at Pekin, and called Kingpaou, or the Messenger of the Capital.

The Press had been in operation in England nearly a century before a regular periodical was published.—In Nov. 1665, the London Gazette was issued weekly, and has been published to the present time.

The first newspaper in the British American Colonies, the Boston News Letter, was commenced in 1704. The Boston Gazette, was commenced in 1719—and the third paper in the Colonies was commenced the same year in Philadelphia, entitled the American Weekly Mercury. The first paper in New York was published in 1725—in Maryland in 1728—Rhode Island and South Carolina in 1732—Virginia in 1736—Connecticut and North Carolina in 1755—New Hampshire in 1756—Delaware in 1761—and in Georgia in 1763.

In 1775, there had been 78 different newspapers printed—39 of which had been discontinued previous to that time—so that at the commencement of the Revolution there were about 39 papers published in the United States—and of the number then printed, but eight establishments are now in existence.

In 1810 the whole number of newspapers was three hundred and fifty. There are now about one thousand two hundred newspaper establishments in the United States, from which are issued, at a moderate calculation, 100,000,000 printed sheets annually—which, if in one continuous sheet, would reach four times from pole to pole—and if embodied in a book form, would be equal to issuing six volumes as large as the Bible every minute in the year!

The advancement in newspapers has not only been in numbers but also in size. The largest papers published about fifty years since were of the demy-size. In about twenty years, some had increased to the super royal. Within a few years some have grown to the elephant size—and last month a New York publisher presented the public with a full grown mammoth.

We cannot better illustrate one of the causes of the rapid advancement which has been made within a few years in the various branches of morals, than by drawing aside the curtain and disclosing what the Press is doing in one branch—that of Temperance. We shall look only into one office, that of the Temperance Recorder, in Albany. Sixty workmen are there constantly employed—six presses are kept in operation by steam, and 6 by hand power. These are in constant operation, and every working minute in the year is throwing out twenty copies of some Temperance publication—each one intended to go forth and do its work in the public renovation. It is not surprising that any hydra, either in the moral or political world, upon which the Press can be brought to bear, is more easily vanquished now than in former times—for the sixty Printers employed in the office to which we have just referred, exert a greater influence on the public mind, than sixty thousand Scribes with their greatest industry, possibly could have exerted 500 years since.

The office of the Harpers in New York, gives employment to 140 persons. They print on an average an edition of books of the Family Library size, every day in the year. Their expenses are about three hundred dollars per day! We do not speak of this establishment as standing forth above every other: we do not know of a more extensive one in operation in our country. At Brattleborough, in our sister state Vermont, is one which is deserving notice. The printing establishment of Messrs. Fessendens, keeps in operation seven or eight power presses, printing [illegible] paper per day. Connected with the establishment is a paper mill at one end, and a book-bindery at the other, so that (like the chrysalis changing of a vile caterpillar to a beautiful butterfly,) what enters at one end, the cast off covering of the human body, is by a regular and rapid process brought out at the other extremity, beautiful paper finely printed and bound—a material for a permanent dress of the immortal mind. So rapid is the process by which paper can be made by the power of steam, that rags have been received at that mill in the morning, manufactured into paper and printed before night! The Comprehensive Commentary is now printing at this establishment. When it is completed it will have consumed fifteen thousand reams of paper. Think not that the woollen or the cotton manufacturers are the only ones for whose benefit sheep are raised, or cotton imported: for this one work will use up the amount of a thousand bales of cotton in paper—and will require the skins of sixty thousand sheep for its binding!

The most extensive Printing establishment in England at the present time, is that of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." It gives regular employment to thirty-six type founders, seven men damping paper, and 160 compositors. Besides 15 common presses, two steam engines are employed in driving 18 printing machines, which can throw off from 700 to 1000 impressions each, per hour. There are in the establishment about one thousand works in stereotype, among which are 75 different sets of plates for the Bible. The first cost of these plates was not far from $1,500,000. The average quantity of Paper printed amounts weekly to 2000 reams—equal to half the quantity used in all the twelve hundred newspaper establishments in the United States.

We shall only advert to one more extensive establishment, which is probably the largest in the world, it is the *Royal Printing House* of *Paris*. It contains a sufficient quantity of types to have standing at the same time 125,000 octavo pages, or 500 volumes of 250 pages each. It consumes about the same quantity of paper annually as the London establishment, and gives employment to three hundred and fifty persons.

Leaving these greater disseminators of light, we shall only take a general glance at the lesser luminaries which surround them. We see them scattered throughout the earth—each shedding light in its own sphere—the pure and beautiful advance of science and morality, or the volcanic belching out political and sectarian enthusiasm—the responding of each to the other unchecked by intervening oceans, or that babel of languages which once checked the communication between the nations of the earth. These are the ten thousand beacons which have sprung up in modern times, as warnings of the shoals of ignorance and servility—and guides to the way of knowledge, of power, and to that general freedom which is the birthright of man. Cast back your thoughts for a moment to the feudal times which have been so frequently referred to by lecturers the present season. That age was before the discovery of Printing. Then the privileged few only, received instruction, and the great body of the people were but vassals to the lords of the soil, and their slavish chains riveted by the ignorance in which they were kept.

Had the art of printing been earlier practised, the additional light it would have thrown upon the past history of the world, can hardly be conceived. We are prone to consider the present age not only as the most enlightened, but also the most populous—and that the inhabitants of former ages were as few as they were unenlightened. If history is to be credited, however, such was not the fact. The dominion of ancient Gaul, which now contains about 30 millions inhabitants, has in former times contained 200 millions—and so great has been the depreciation in other sections of the earth, that it has been estimated there is scarcely one fiftieth part of the number of men upon the earth now, that there was in the time of Julius Caesar—and that at the same ratio of decrease, it would take but ten centuries to leave the earth without an inhabitant! Had the art of Printing been earlier practised, and ancient history received as full a record as the passing occurrence of the present day—instead of the few volumes which are now the only remains of five thousand years, we [illegible]

Whether or not the early practice of Printing would have been a blessing to our age, is a point which some may be disposed to question.

Our own country as yet has not made that advancement in the accumulation of books which has been made in the seat of literature in Europe. The thirty-one largest libraries in the United States contains together only 250,000 volumes, while the same number of libraries in Germany contain 3,300,000! Look at these vast assemblages for a moment—the growth of four hundred years only! If they continue to increase at the same ratio, to grasp their contents, the age of man will again have to be extended to the antediluvian length, and perhaps after all be drowned in a second deluge from the portentous clouds of literature! We have, however, but little to fear. Literature, like trade, will regulate itself. The wheat will be sifted out, and the chaff thrown to the wind.

As it is only by the deprivation of blessings that we are enabled to estimate their worth, let us for a moment contemplate the extinction of the Press at this time, in our land and throughout the world. Yes—open the flood gates of Vandalism, and with the press and types let every printed work be swept to destruction—but not with them the recollection that they ever existed. Let nothing be found for the reading world but such manuscripts as may be purchased of its scribes, or copied by our hands. Although the arts generally might be practised in perfection, the earth bring forth her fruits in abundance, the blessings of life be richly bestowed—Yet the Press be silent—we can hardly imagine a greater blank! How many among us would be found able, if willing to pay five hundred dollars for a bible—or one hundred for a common octavo—or a ten dollar bill for a school manual! A ten dollar bill? No, we had forgotten ourselves—without the aid of printing, we should have no bills or banks either!—The lawyers would be compelled to study the public laws from the manuscript records of Legislation, or spend the income of years to obtain a copy—not for his library (for none but a prince would presume upon such an extravagance)—but for his strong box, to be watched over and preserved like the miser's gold. Or perhaps when he enters the courts of justice, we should see in his fringed garments, as in Jewish days, the mementos of his legal knowledge. The Divine, instead of having a thousand volumes within his reach for reference, would be far more fortunate than many of his brethren, if the only work he possessed was a whole bible. The physician, deprived of the knowledge he now receives from the works of skillful practitioners of other times, must rely on the oral instructions of his teacher, and make up the rest of his knowledge from his own personal observation and experience. Whatever discoveries he makes in the healing art, will be sure to be his own; for however benevolent his intentions may be, he can find no Press to diffuse his discoveries abroad. If a quack invent some pill, which will, as usual, cure every malady, he must be content with taking it himself, if he will venture to, as he will have no opportunity of sending it, like Sampson's foxes, scattering fire brands through the land.

With the channels of knowledge closed, men would gladly verge back to the ignorance of former times. Aristocracy would extend her covering and domineering hand to the stores of knowledge, and rejoice in being able to keep others in ignorance. Without the Press, there would be nothing like the general conveyance from one state to another, or from town to town—it could only be from individual to individual. But why talk of State? The system of our government, over so vast an extent of territory, could not be maintained, and the name of State, in its present relation, would soon be heard no more among us. The chain which binds our Union together would be broken—for we are literally bound together by the Press, and the chains strengthened by the jars of opposing parties in politics, produced by its influence;—without this tightening of the cords, our nation might fall into a state of apathy dangerous to its liberties. Without the Press, there could not be a Republican system of government maintained over so extensive a territory as the United States—ignorance must avoidably exist without its enlightening influence—the laws of each State could not be generally understood in other and distant States—jealousies would be continually rising up—acts of violence and civil war. No!—without the Press, the Republic could not exist;—a Monarch, with standing armies, to keep his ignorant and servile subjects in awe, is the most we could expect without this bulwark of our liberties.

The Press is the means and the stimulant of enterprise. Why is it that a Chinese vessel has never visited our country;—and a female from an empire containing millions of inhabitants, on arriving in the western hemisphere, is considered so rare a curiosity that she is caged up for public exhibition? While at the same time the American canvass is whitening every sea, and the sons and daughters of our land are promenading every country under heaven. The reason is plain: Commerce is dependent upon the Press. While China, from her single newspaper, scarcely learning that there is any other nation in the world, knowing nothing of the advantages she might possess by a more extensive knowledge, cramps her enterprize to her own dominions—the American Press is daily giving intelligence from every clime—and opening a field of enterprize, wide as the world, and, though its influence, as well improved as it is extensive.

Due credit has never been given to the Press for the part it performed in the brilliant achievement of our National Independence. It was on the Press that the oppression of the Stamp Act was brought directly to bear: scarcely a newspaper could be found, among the thirty-nine which were then published, which would either willingly or forcibly submit to the imposition of so unjust a tax. The same degree of oppression might have been practised upon other branches of the Arts, not less sensible of injury, but without the means of arousing the public to a sense of their wrongs, and been meekly borne:—but the Stamp Act was bearding the lion in his den!—Indignant, he came forth, and shaking his shaggy mane, his roar resounded through the forest, and sympathy for the aggrieved was echoed from every quarter! It can with confidence be said that the newspapers at that time, dressed in mourning and the place for the British stamp supplied by a Death's Head,—distributed generally among the people,—did as much in preparing their minds for the Revolution, as a Lafayette, or even a Washington; afterwards did in accomplishing it. Archimedes, in vain glory, boasted that if he had a spot on which to place a fulcrum, he could move the earth! What the ancient son of science proposed in sport to do to the material universe, is now fast doing to the political, scientific and moral world. A fulcrum has been found:—based on the sunbeams; already has half the world been elevated by its agency—and ere another century, should its influence continue to extend in the ratio of the last twenty years, wisdom will run to and fro throughout the earth—knowledge will every where be increased,—and the ennobling principles of Liberty and Equality will be every where inculcated.

If it be true that "Knowledge is Power," it requires no extra keenness of vision to discern this fulcrum in THE PRESS.

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That's creeping o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold,
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim!
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he,
How closely he twineth how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak Tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

[illegible]

—SUNDAY READING.—

"In the world ye shall have Tribulation, but be of Good Cheer."

There must be shade spots in the pilgrimage:
Our Father wills it so.—There lurks a thorn
Even in the rose-cup which we cull and wear
Next to our heart. What matters it?—The cloud,
The pang are transient;—but the hope that springs
From their stern ministry,—the faith that looks
Up to its God, when these low skies are dim,
Outweigh all miseries which this fleeting world
In her worst wrath can teach.—The Saviour knew
His whole of tribulation,—yet he bade
Be of good cheer,—since in the shielded breast
Was power to overcome.—
——Wilt thou despair,
Thou born of God! because the shallow rills
Fed but by dew-drops of terrestrial good,
Recede and vanish?—Sent awhile to share
Time's changes,—and on death's dark wing to rise
Above them all, why should a woe so brief
Appal the spirit?—Think how low thy brow,
Thy throbbing brow beneath the clods shall rest;
How soon forgotten 'mid its daily haunts
Thy form must be.—
——Another hand shall pluck
The cherish'd flowrets,—and a race unknown
Reap the ripe fruits of all thy sleepless care,
And thank thee not.—Another at thy board
Thy place shall fill, and in thy fireside chair
A stranger sit, while thou no more shalt claim
Note of remembrance.—This shall neutralise
Thy bitterness of spirit, when thy props
Are stricken from beneath thee,—or the grave
Bids thee pursue a lonely pilgrimage,
Hiding thy bosom's idols.
——Ask of God
To arm thy heart, even as the stripling youth
Who with the simple weapons of the brook
The vaunting giant slew. Be thy step firm,
And thy demeanour like some angel guest,
Patient of earth, yet for Heaven's bliss prepared.

ANONYMOUS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S JOY AMIDST SUFFERINGS.

The children of God are not called to so sad a life as the world imagines; besides what is laid up for them in heaven, they have, even here, their rejoicings and songs in their distresses, as those prisoners had their psalms even at midnight, after their stripes, and in their chains, before they knew of a sudden deliverance. (Acts. xvi. 25.) True, there may be a darkness within, clouding all the matter of their joy, but even that darkness is the seed-time of after-joy: light is sown in that darkness, and shall spring up: and not only shall they have a rich crop at full harvest, but even some first fruits of it here, in pledge of the harvest.

And this they ought to expect, and to seek after with minds humble and submissive as to the measure and time of it, that they may be partakers of spiritual joy, and may by it be enabled to go patiently, yea, cheerfully, through the tribulations and temptations that lie in their way homeward. And for this end they ought to endeavour after a more clear discerning of their interest in Christ that they may know they partake of Him, and so, that in suffering they are partakers of His sufferings, and shall be partakers of His glory.

Many afflictions will not cloud and obstruct this, so much as one sin: therefore, if ye would walk cheerfully, be most careful to walk holily. All the winds about the earth make not an earthquake, but only that within.

Now this joy is grounded on this communion, [1.] in sufferings, then, [2.] in glory.

1. Even in sufferings themselves. It is a sweet, a joyful thing to be a sharer with Christ in any thing. All enjoyments wherein He is not, are bitter to a soul that loves Him, and all sufferings with Him are sweet. The worst things of Christ are more truly delightful than the best things of the world; His afflictions are sweeter than their pleasures, His reproach more glorious than their honours, and more rich than their treasures, as Moses accounted them. Heb. xi. 26. Love delights in likeness and communion, not only in things otherwise pleasant, but in the hardest and harshest things, which have not any thing in them desirable, but only that likeness. So that this thought is very sweet to a heart possessed with this love: What does the world, by its hatred, and persecutions, and reviling for the sake of Christ, but make me more like Him, give me a greater share with Him, in that which He did so willingly undergo for me? *When He was sought for to be made a king*, as St. Bernard remarks, *He escaped; but when he was sought to be brought to the Cross, He freely yielded Himself.* And shall I shrink and creep back from what He calls me to suffer for His sake? Yes, even all my other troubles and sufferings, I will desire to have stamped thus, with this conformity to the sufferings of Christ, in the humble, obedient, cheerful, endurance of them, and the giving up my will to my Father's.

The following of Christ makes any way pleasant. His faithful followers refuse no march after Him, be it through deserts, and mountains, and storms and hazards, that will affright self-pleasing, easy spirits. Hearts kindled and actuated with the Spirit of Christ, will *follow Him wheresoever He goeth.*

As He speaks it for warning to His disciples, *If they persecute me, they will persecute you*, so He speaks it for comfort to them, and sufficient comfort it is, *If they hate you, they hated me before you.* John, xv. 18. 20.

2. Then add the other: see whither it tends. *He shall be revealed in His glory*, and ye shall even overflow with joy in the partaking of that glory. Therefore, rejoice now in the midst of all your sufferings. Stand upon the advanced ground of the promises and the covenant of Grace, and by faith look beyond this moment, and all that is in it, to that day wherein *everlasting joy shall be upon your heads*, a crown of it, and *sorrow and mourning shall flee away.* Isa. li. 11. Believe in this day, and the victory is won. Oh! that blessed hope, well fixed and exercised, would give other manner of spirits. What zeal for God would it not inspire! What invincible courage against all encounters! How soon will this pageant of the world vanish, that men are gazing on, these pictures and fancies of pleasures and honours, falsely so called, and give place to the real glory of the sons of God, when this blessed Son, who is God, shall be seen appearing in full majesty, and all His brethren in glory with Him, all clothed in their robes! And if you ask, Who are they, Why, *these are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb.* Rev. vii. 14. ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

BY G. MELLEN.

Mount of the clouds, on whose Olympian height
The tall rocks brighten in the ether air,
And spirits from the skies come down at night,
To chant immortal songs to Freedom there!
Thine is the rock of other regions; where
The world of life which blooms so far below
Sweeps a wide waste; no gladdening scenes appear,
Save where, with silvery flash, the waters flow
Beneath the far off mountain, distant, calm and slow.

Thine is the summit where the clouds repose,
Or, eddying wildly, round thy cliffs are borne;
When Tempest mounts his rushing car, and throws
His billowy mist amid the thunder's home!
Far down the deep ravines the whirlwinds come,
And bow the forests as they sweep along;
While roaring deeply from their rocky womb,
The storms come forth—and, hurrying darkly on,
Amid the echoing peaks, the revelry prolong!

And when the tumult of the air is fled,
And quenched in silence all the tempest flame,
There come the dim forms of the mighty dead,
Around the steep which bears the hero's name,
The stars look down upon them—and the same
Pale orb that glistens o'er his distant grave,
[illegible]
In grandeur holds her solitary reign,
And lights the cold tear of the glorious brave—
The richest, purest tear, that memory ever gave!

Mount of the clouds! when winter round thee throws
[illegible]

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Jocko, the orang-outang, of the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, almost whose indisposition so much public interest had been felt, died the following week.

One hundred and five notices had been given of applications to Parliament for new rail road charters.

Arrangements have been made to pay 17 per cent. to the creditors of the Spanish Government on account of debts due to private individuals here from England for which acceptances have been given.

Prince Talleyrand is expected in Paris between the 20th and 25th of this month. He is nearly well of his late illness, which his physicians state have been a fit of serious apoplexy.

J. Sargard, tanner at Tyman, in Hungary, consciously preserves raw hides from putrefaction, and restores those that are tainted, by applying to them, with a brush, a layer of pyroligneous acid. They absorb it very speedily, and it occasions no injury nor diminution of their value.

The ex-queen of Naples (Madame Murat) was not ordered to leave France, on the abdication of Strasburg took place.

The difficulties with Switzerland have been amicably arranged.

Greece.—King Otho, of Greece, arrived at Hanover, on the 16th of November, on his way to Oldenburgh, where he is to marry the daughter of the Duke of that principality. October the Queen of Greece elect is 18 years old—the King 21.

The Cholera.—The cholera was raging furiously at Naples on the 5th of November. The deaths being from 140 to 160 per day—increased by rumor to 300. The weather was cold and uncomfortable, and the crest of Vesuvius covered with snow.

There is a dwarf named Gulin, aged 22, from Tyrolese, now being exhibited at Paris, who is 2 feet high, of beautiful proportions, not having grown any since he was five. He speaks five languages, plays the violin, and is an excellent equestrian.

Santiao, the distinguished Italian Singer, died of a liver complaint.

Studies are dull in Manchester, and the manufacturers are anticipating "a plentiful lack of business" from the effect which the Bank's recreancy may have upon their American customers.

Troops of the Greeks in the Crimea, (a Russia) have been found at Kertch, being a cypress coffin, enclosing a bronze urn of three handles, with the cover soldered, and within a burnt bones, also broken vases of alabaster.

The Bank of Loans commenced operations Oct. 1. Much benefit is anticipated from its operations in the thriving seat of manufactures.

Lord H. Seymour, under the patronage of the French Government, is about to introduce a line of English stage coaches, and relays of English horses, between the French coast and Paris.—Rail Roads will soon supersede them all.

Taglioni has been dancing before the French King, at Compiegne, and has received a very valuable present of diamonds for her admirable skill.

The late illness of the Chimpanzee monkey, Jacko, is said in the English papers, to have shrouded Paris in grief. The contortions he exhibited in taking his medicines, it is gravely narrated, stereotyped and lithographed.

The extensive cotton factory of Messrs. John Harris & Co., at Annerydog, near Chorley, England, was destroyed by fire early in November. Loss estimated at 20,000 pounds.

During the past year there were destroyed in the 14 several provinces in Sweden the following number of animals of prey: 144 bears, 366 wolves, 316 lynxes, 7,209 foxes, 2,265 eagles, and other ravenous birds. This was exclusively the slaughter by private hunting parties.

Upwards of 500,000*l.* in gold had been sent to Ireland from London, within ten days.

M. St. Priest, the French ambassador to Portugal, had returned to Paris.

The legislative Chambers were to commence their session on the 27th of December.

Piracy.—The Helicopter arrived at Constantinople from London on the 18th, was boarded and plundered by pirates, at the entrance of the Dardanelles.

The price of bread was rising in London.—The price of the quarters (four pounds) of loaf, best quality, is now 10½ pence sterling. Inferior quality, 9*d.* The rise in three weeks has been 2*d.* per loaf.

Parliament was expected (according to rumor) to meet a month earlier than usual.

We regret to state that the provincial papers contain numerous notices of mercantile failures.—Numbers of bay-racks had been destroyed in the neighborhood of Windsor, and barns, &c. in many other places.

Fraser of the Magazine has brought an action against Mr. Bentley, for the libel said to be committed on him by the latter, and laid his damages at 100,000.

A large subscription has been made by the literati of St. Petersburg, in aid of the fund for renovating the tomb of Shakspeare at Stratford.

Sir Robert Peel has been chosen rector of the University.

It turns out that Malthrian has left a fortune of $110,000 to her son Wilfrid de Beriot.

M. de Lacretelle, of the French Academy, is about to publish an interesting work on Philosophy, also, Memoirs.

France.—Lurlen the Tenth, the ex King of France, died of Cholera, at Goritz in Carnola, on the 6th of November. He was in the 58th year of his age. The attack was rapidly fatal. A few hours only having intervened between its commencement and termination.

Paris, Nov. 9.—The stock market remains firm. Nomads securities have declined.

The driver of the Norwich mail-coach was fined 20*l.* and costs, at the Bow street police, on the 12th of Nov. for being intoxicated on his 4a route. A pressure process that might be adopted in this country with advantage.

The Paris papers say that the Emperor of Russia has officially recognized the existence of Belgium, as an independent kingdom.

Some troubles exist in Vilensia. The churches have been desecrated, and the people made a conspiracy to destroy up the town. At the last advices, 107 men were surprised and shot by Hapis.

Russia.—The Emperor of Russia, according to the *Sardinian Monitor*, is disposed to extend mercy to some of the Poles. A report prevailed on the frontiers of Poland, that on the anniversary of the Emperor's name-day he had pardon to numerous acts of clemency, and among others will pardon General Krukowiecki and Prince Marcian Lubomirski, who since the suppression of the insurrection have been living in exile in Siberia.

Horrid Infanticide.—A Bagnonese of distinction, of Annedeuggio, being without the medical assistance that she could not recover herself during the latter end of Nov. was delivered, actually, it is believed, resorted to the horrid expedient of carrying on the pregnancy unprecedented, as several infants have been missed near her residence, and some found shockingly mutilated.

Spontaneous Combustion.—M. de Lerney a cabinet in the French navy, was found dead in his bed at Cherbourg, on the 20th ult. the upper part of his body being burnt to ashes. It appears that the evening before he had attended himself with a large bottle of brandy, which was found lying empty almost entirely empty. He was in the attitude of a man in deep sleep, and on the most exact examination of his body it was declared that he had been suffocated, and that the cause of his death arose from spontaneous combustion.

Artesian Wells.—M. Mallet, who has the management of the process now in operation at Barbaree de Grenelle, near Paris for boring artesian wells, has already penetrated 1,937 feet without water. In contrast to the boring at Lille, at 1,200 feet, and if no water is found at the depth, the engineer is ready to make a new contract with the city of Paris to go to the depth of 3,000 feet, such a depth has never yet been reached on the surface of the globe.

A monster at Verona stole two children, a boy and girl of very tender ages, from their parents, and then chops up as a delicate morsel from cannibalism, gave them only raw meat to eat, converted them to human animals, and so perverted them to hear only his own voice, whose pretend to make a imitation of the sounds of wild animals. His object was to bring them to such perfection as to set ages, and then exhibit them for the benefit of his own avarice. However, the poor prisoners were discovered over to the law.

Among the most distinguished families which have recently been sworn in as Queen's Counsel we may enumerate the following:—

The Attorney-General, by virtue of Indian station, carriage à la Georgie and sixteen quarterly, furnished with blue velours epagne. The hair bandeau on the forehead, and terminating each side by a single curl. *Bandeaulix* of blue velours on the sides.

The Comtesse de Brom. A robe of Indian muslin, over a white satin slip, the corsage finished by a full trimming of tulle. A turban of white tulle with net set ornament.

Another dress, conspicuous for elegance, consisted of a robe of white cashmere, with a pelerine of rayed point Anvers—right sleeves. A coquelicot of White satin, to match with deep blonde. A dress-hat of elastic—lowered so long upright, with a plume of white feathers.—*New York Spirit.*

Saturday Evening Post.

JANUARY 7, 1837.

To Readers and Correspondents.

—The Catholic Guide cannot be adopted to the columns of the Casket.

"Sunday Reading" will meet attention.

Our correspondent, "Theophilis, will be gratified to find that "Penance Performed" is extensively copied into the southern and western papers.

The use of Coke is recommended to those who are unable to procure Coal at a reasonable price. Coke is a cheap and pleasant fuel and may be used either in stove or grates.

One of our latest English papers says that orders have been received at Davenport to get ready 10,000 staid stores for immediate exportation, supposed to be for the north coast of Spain.

As an evidence of the extent of the wine and fruit trade of the United States, it may be mentioned that on the 25th of October last, only 9 sail of American merchantmen got under weigh and left the port of Malaga.

The French brig of war Gazelle, has arrived at New Orleans. She is the first French national vessel which has visited New Orleans since the cession to this country.

Considerable sensation had been created in the political circles of Paris, by a positive announcement that the king of Naples was to marry the Grand Duchess Theresa, daughter of the Arch-duke Charles of Austria, and that the Princess Maria of Wurtemburg was affianced to the Prince of Weimar.

Should the Texas revolution succeed, every foot of ground from the Sabine to the Rio Grande will be mortgaged to the land speculators. There are claims out now, to the amount of *fifty millions of dollars*, on an area equal to the State of Kentucky—and when the 2000 acres go to each of their soldiers, the face of the country will be pretty well covered with claims.

Secret Discipline.—Between midnight and two o'clock in the morning, was executed by the Archdu

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA.
Saturday, January 7, 1837.

Pennsylvania Subscriptions.

☞*Mr. Wm. A. Pierce, our travelling Agent, will shortly proceed on a collecting tour throughout Pennsylvania. It is hoped that all our patrons will give him a cordial welcome, settle their subscriptions, and give him such facilities in the prosecution of his business, as may be in their power.*

☞*Mr. John Roberts, travelling Agent, is now on a collecting tour through the state of New York. Agents and Subscribers will please give him all the facilities in their power for effecting settlements, &c.*

☞*Mr. Peter G. Eberman is appointed agent for S. C. Atkinson, at Lancaster, Pa. in the place of Peter D. Myers, resigned.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have lately received several private communications on the subject of original articles, that have been sent to us for publication, and we are taxed with carelessness and negligence, in not giving them a speedy insertion. As our numerous avocations will not permit us to exculpate ourselves to each of these correspondents, we will take the charges *en masse*, and endeavour to meet them with a satisfactory apology.

Perhaps of all the various tasks that come within the province of our vocation, there are none more laborious than the examination of these same original contributions. Every variety of chirography, is put into requisition by the writers, for the purpose of expressing an equal diversity of sentiment. Hieroglyphics of the most uncouth description are employed by every one who fancies his crudities worth decyphering, as if our perception of their defects would be lessened by the difficulties we had encountered in their examination.

Notwithstanding, the great loss of time and temper this occasions us, we are sometimes compelled to smile at the occasional ludicrous congruity, between the hand writing and composition of some of these contributions. We have before us at the present moment, an "Essay on the great Western Railroad" in which it is intended to give an account of the difficulties attending the prosecution of that great enterprise. This would have been well enough, had not our correspondent thought fit to give more effect to his description by a novel and effective disposition of his lines. At the description of the commencement of the road, in a level section of the country, we could follow his course with clearness and precision. We could also comprehend his ideas respecting a contemplated tunnel, as they swelled out, in a clear, bold and expressive round hand. Here we are forced to stop, for the road appears to have entered into a broken ridge of mountains, and the lines are scattered into disjointed fragments of every shape and variety, in order to preserve the allusion. About a page further on, there is another change. The writing here assumes a varying and uneven appearance, and the impression of the letters is faint and tremulous. From this we presume, the author is endeavouring to describe the passage of the railroad through an extensive swamp. This assumption is altogether conjectural on our part, as alphabetical knowledge is of no avail in this case, when put into competition with our national privilege of "guessing." The essay concludes with a tremendous rectangular flourish of the pen which occupies about half a page, and which we had no difficulty in determining to be the representation of an *inclined plane*.

This is a fair specimen of the difficulties we encounter every week, in perusing some twenty or thirty original contributions similar to the above. Among these there are a few worthy of publication, and which occasionally repay us for the time wasted in poring over the remainder. We might, if disposed, imitate the example of a contemporary periodical and accept all of these, on the score of originality, and at this moment, we have a number of tales and poetical effusions in our possession, which would suffice to fill the columns of the Post for several years with original matter, equal to that which is met with in the pages of the paper before alluded to.

But long experience has satisfied us, that the readers of this paper look for something more in the literary department than mere mediocrity. To supply this want, we are obliged for the most part to have recourse to the columns of foreign periodicals, for our selections for the first page. It is true that in this respect we labour under the disadvantage of having to present, to our readers, articles that have been already published—on the other side of the Atlantic. But on the other side, the superiority of foreign writers in the *melange* of light periodical literature is unquestionable. We trust that our correspondents will view the subject in the same light, and that it may prove a sufficient apology for the occasional rejection of their communications. That we are not disposed to throw them aside when possessing sufficient interest, we shall evince in the course of a few weeks,—having now in the hands of the compositor a number of original manuscripts, which have been hitherto delayed in order to undergo a process of revision. They will appear in regular succession in the course of a few weeks.

Possibly it may occur to some of our readers that as we place so small a reliance on the ordinary circle of original contributions to our columns, we should have secured the aid of writers whose reputations are already established, and who have attained a certain degree of excellence, in literary qualifications. That there are such in this country, we are not disposed to deny, and it is a subject of pride and congratulation, to every Philadelphian, that so many of them are to be found within the limits of his native city. We might if our time would permit, enumerate the names of many whose published productions have equalled if not surpassed those of foreign writers. Had not therefore the experiment, we have mentioned above, been already tried, we certainly should have been induced to attempt it, but with the result before our eyes, we are obliged to pronounce that the attempt would have been a complete failure. Men of genius and intellect, will not exhibit their talents, in so fleeting and perishable a form as that of a weekly periodical. Their best productions are reserved for separate publication, where they will not run the risk of being overlooked, amidst the crowd of news, and other miscellaneous matter, or be in many instances not read at all, or if they escape that fate be forgotten immediately. If therefore no care is bestowed upon these transitory contributions, and they prove unworthy the reputation of the writers, we should not be surprised, as it is all that could have been expected under the circumstances. In proof of this assertion, we may refer to the rapid and spiritless articles published in another weekly periodical, of this city, as the productions of our best metropolitan writers.

In conclusion, we will observe to our correspondents, that they must exhibit a spirit of forbearance on this occasion, and on our part they may rest assured that nothing will be wanting to a speedy and impartial decision on the articles that have been submitted to us.

A new daily paper bearing the title of *Abend Zeitung* or the Evening Gazette, has been started in this city, by Mr. Wm. Beschke. The contents, alternately in the German and English language, evince much spirit and ability on the part of the publisher. The translation of one of the National German Songs, in particular, merits great commendation. We trust that it will have a wide circulation among the highly respectable portion of our population, for whom it is designed.

In Sweden, which has a population of only 3 millions, there are 100,000 distilleries.

AARON BURR.

We have perused with much interest the first volume of Burr's Memoirs. The work, when complete, will be calculated to throw much light on the character and history of this distinguished individual. Perhaps, in many particulars, the public mind will be disabused, touching incidents in his life and history, in reference to which, while living, he received much censure. His correspondence with his wife and daughter, certainly exhibit him in a very favourable light as a husband and father. Nothing indeed can exceed the affectionate interest and solicitude expressed for his wife, during the long and tedious illness, that ultimately terminated in her death; leaving to his care their only offspring, a young daughter. The superintendence of the education of this child, seems to have been with him an object of the highest interest—not even second to his towering schemes of ambition.—While engaged in public life; in the Senate of the United States, or absent from home, as was frequently the case, on professional duties, he kept up a constant correspondence with her, hardly omitting a post without writing—and nothing can exceed the tenderness and affection he expresses in these letters. The correspondence commences before she has entered her teens; and is curious, as well as interesting, for the suggestions his letters contain, touching female education. Col. Burr seems to have entertained a high idea of the capacity of the sex, and intimates that there is perhaps no difference in this particular between the two sexes. The course of studies pointed out for his daughter, is that usually pursued by young men receiving a classical education; with the addition of the modern languages, and the other usual ornamental branches of female education. His letters to her show how anxious he was for success and every thing calculated to rouse her faculties, stimulate her ambition, or excite her emulation is constantly expressed. At eighteen, she married Mr. afterwards Gov. Alston, of S. C. Her melancholy fate is generally known. She was lost at sea, or as has been some times reported murdered by pirates while on a voyage from Charleston to New York. A dreadful blow this to the unfortunate father, particularly as his hopes and expectations of his daughter seem to have been entirely realized; as she was undoubtedly one of the most talented, accomplished and fascinating women of her day.

There is one fact mentioned in the memoirs, that will strike the public as something new.—It is stated in amount, that Benedict Arnold, like our first parent, and some others, was tempted—over persuaded by his wife, (who was a Miss Shippen, and daughter of Judge Shippen, of this city,) to desert the American cause, in which he had bravely fought, and become a traitor to his country. This is stated on the authority of Mrs. Burr, who was a Mrs. Prevost, and widow of a Colonel in the British service, and known to be attached to the royal cause, and with whom Mrs. Arnold was on terms of the strictest intimacy. The latter is said to have been a correspondent of Major Andre, previous to her marriage, and subsequently negotiated, or was an active agent in negotiating the terms and manner of her husband's apostacy, and the betrayal of the American cause. Such is the account here given.

But to return to the subject of the memoirs.—Few lives have been more eventful than Aaron Burr's. He was distinguished as an officer in the war of the Revolution. He was subsequently even more distinguished as a Statesman, and besides being a leader of one of the great political parties of the day, filled at different periods some of the first offices under the government. He stood also at one time almost, or quite, at the head of the American Bar. Having been voted for Vice President, on the same ticket on which Mr. Jefferson was voted for President; himself and his friends, sought to make him President, in violation of the public will. This, and his duel with Hamilton—his western expedition, which, whatever may have been the object of it, brought upon him a prosecution and trial for high treason, placed him before the public under a ban, and covered him with a degree of odium, that his subsequent life was unable to efface, and which followed him to the grave.

As the "murderer of Hamilton"—and as "the traitor Burr;" every man's hand seems to have been against him; and we have frequently heard it asserted, that the community in which he resided, after his duel with Hamilton, and his prosecution for treason, refused to associate with or acknowledge him; and that between him and his professional brethren, there existed the same alienation. It was only in April last, while on a visit to New York, we were induced, having never seen Colonel Burr, to call upon him. In the course of conversation, after speaking of his trial at Richmond, and the part he took in the management of the defence, he observed that "he returned to New York with a view of practising his profession, and with sanguine hopes of obtaining its highest honors, but as he expressed it, "*they would not let me alone.*" A distinguished citizen of New York, to whom we mentioned this conversation, stated to us that he happened to be at Albany on a certain occasion, about this time, while Burr was in attendance on the Supreme Court; that the latter was engaged in the argument of a cause, and that so cold and repulsive was the manner of the Court towards him, that he seemed compelled to adopt the most humiliating tone and manner to gain their attention at all—that the argument was conducted in a sort of colloquy between himself and the Court; Burr rising and addressing the Judges in the most deferential manner, and then again seating himself upon the very *steps*, beneath the bench occupied by the Judges, his whole manner indicating how much he felt humbled and embarrassed.

Now supposing the cause of the obloquy and censure cast upon Colonel Burr, and under which he passed nearly one half of his life, to have arisen mainly from the incidents to which we have alluded above; it cannot be denied, we think, that he was somewhat unfortunate, as well as having been also, as he undoubtedly was, much in the wrong. Colonel Burr is not the only man who has killed his antagonist in a duel, though perhaps few have been so unhappy as to destroy in an antagonist, so illustrious a citizen as Alexander Hamilton; one whose loss would be so generally felt, or who would to the same extent, excite the public sympathy, and consequently in the same degree call forth indignation and reproof against his destroyer.—Had the antagonist of Burr been but a common man, though his fate might have been equally unfortunate, the result upon the author of it would no doubt have been far different, and therefore in this sense, we repeat he may be said to have been unfortunate. Touching his western expedition, history will probably be likely to deal much more fairly with that event than those who were cotemporary with him; particularly as the political party then in power, and to whom it is known Colonel Burr was obnoxious to the last degree, no doubt contributed much to give to the transaction the colouring it received; and certainly the administration (with Mr. Jefferson at its head) pressed upon Colonel Burr, with a high hand, the prosecution for treason. But of this offence he was acquitted by the highest tribunal of the country, and therefore, his innocence of the specific charge should be presumed.

But independent of their being no legal evidence of treasonable acts, or treasonable designs; we submit that the *probability* of such acts, or intentions is now greatly diminished by the fact, that of all those who were connected with him, and many of whom have passed from the stage of life, not one seems to have borne evidence to such criminal intentions; at least the public have heard of no such revelations, and if such had been made, either confidentially or otherwise, ere this, they must, in some shape, have reached the public ear—particularly as any designs of the kind (designs against the United States) must have been known, if they were entertained, not to one, or a few, but to many—to most or all the prominent actors in the transaction.

In the course of the conversation we had with Colonel Burr, and to which we have alluded above, he incidentally remarked, speaking of what was going forward in Texas; that *he* had been prosecuted for high treason, by Mr. Jefferson's administration, for attempting what was openly and ostensibly participated in by our citizens, and with the sanction, if not directly of the government, yet of some of the best patriots in the land. This, to be sure, is his own account of the transaction; but we repeat, that we are by no means satisfied—nor do we believe that the impartial historian who shall come after us and write the history of these events, will say that the object of Burr's enterprise was directed against the United States—and with a view to the dismemberment of the Union. At the same time that there is not, nor ever has been, sufficient affirmative evidence of this fact, there are many strong probabilities against it. The conquest of Mexico was a sufficient object of itself. It is improbable, considering the feasibility of the two plans, that any thing beyond this was intended. This might or might not have been illegal; but it certainly was only doing, as he stated himself, what was done by other citizens at that very day.

In reference to his being voted for as President by Congress, when the people had only returned him for Vice President, it is uncertain in the first place, perhaps, how far he directly participated in this bold scheme for power. His friends were the immediate actors—a political party—but even supposing it had his utmost sanction, it was not such an act in any view, as to doom a man to eternal infamy. A political sin, it undoubtedly was, and so would be regarded, and so punished—but the sentence that Colonel Burr received at the hands of the public, was of a very different, and much more sanguinary character.

We have briefly, but at much more length than we intended, examined some of the grounds on which this sentence seems to have been founded. Whether or no, posterity will in whole or in part reverse it, or whether it will receive their confirmation, remains to be seen.

But however we may feel disposed as impartial journalists, to speak of public events, and to do justice to the actors concerned in them, we would by no means be thought the apologists of an immoral or licentious course of life—or be understood as deprecating in the slightest, any ostracism of the public, by which the violation of the proprieties and decencies of society have been punished. How far the character of Col. Burr has rendered him obnoxious on this score, we are not prepared to say, not knowing sufficient of his private history to form an opinion.

We are told—

"The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices,
Make instruments to scourge us."

Colonel Burr was undoubtedly a great man. In point of intellect he had few superiors. He was a polished, finished man too, in point of education, manners, and address. He was cool, self-possessed and adroit. He is said to have sacrificed much to the graces, and seems to have entertained as high an idea of the advantages of "*manner*" as Chesterfield himself.—His ambition was towering and lofty; and in seeking its gratification, whether the means he used were in fact laudable or otherwise, he destroyed probably forever his happiness. His political friends deserted him—his more intimate friends became estranged; and it was in addition to this his misfortune to survive not only the early friends of his youth, with whom he entered upon life, but nearly *all* of his kindred. His old age, therefore, must not only have been embittered by the reflections of crosses and disappointments, but unsolaced by the sympathies of friends and kindred.

We were forcibly struck with these reflections on our visit to him. As a patriot he fought bravely in the war of the revolution, and was, as all admit, a brave and skilful soldier, and engaged heart and hand in the cause of independence. It may be, that his memory will be more respected than was his character in life.

The subsequent volumes of the Memoirs, for which we shall look with much interest, will throw still farther light on the subject.

THEATRICALS.

Chesnut Street.—Mr. Maywood's benefit was well attended on Saturday evening last. His appearance in the character of Jock Muir, was of itself sufficient to ensure this result, without the various attractions, that were offered, in addition Miss Ellen Tree made her first appearance on Monday evening, in the character of Julia in Knowles drama of the Hunchback. An attentive observation of her performance, has resulted in the conviction in our mind, that she is decidedly the best tragic actress, that has appeared in this country. We are merely the echo of public opinion in this statement. The breathless silence that reigned throughout a numerous audience told more eloquently than the loudest applause of the effect, her unparalled manner, of representation, produced. We would readily enter into a more extended analization of her performance, but want of space forbids.

On the succeeding evening she took the part of Rosalind in "As you Like it" and on Wednesday that of Lady Townly in the "Provoked Husband." Had not our expectations of the versatility of her powers, been so highly excited, on her first appearance, we should in all probability have been better pleased, with her representation on these occasions. We must acknowledge however that there, was an evident falling off. In both the above mentioned parts she is inferior to Mrs. Ternan. We have no space to strengthen our assertion, by criticism, but we believe there is no difference in the general opinion on this point.

Our estimate of the abilities of Ellen Tree may be comprised in stating that in Tragedy, she is superior to any actress we have ever witnessed—in Comedy she has many equals.

Walnut Street Theatre.—We perceive by the bills, that the enterprising manager of this house, is engaged upon the production of another pageant, which it is said, will outvie all its predecessors. Had not Mr. Wemyss been so punctual in fulfilling his previous promises to the public, we should be inclined to doubt the possibility of such an undertaking. If however, he can succeed in surpassing the spectacles of Lafitte, the Bronze Horse, and the Demon Statue, we shall readily acknowledge his supremacy in every point relative to the gorgeous pageantry of the melo drama. The subject that he is now employed upon, bears some relation to the mythological ceremonies of the ancient Greeks.—Farther we are not informed.

Mr. Conner performed the part of Damon on Wednesday evening. With the exception of some little extravagance of gesture that usually detracts, from his otherwise great merit, we saw nothing to disapprove, and much that was worthy of commendation in his representation. The error that we have alluded to is more pardonable as it arises from a desire to throw energy into the more exciting parts of the tragedy. The expression of the eye should in these instances, produce a greater effect than any superfluous amplification of gesture.

The benefit of Miss Charnock took place on Thursday evening.

Trades Unions in France.—A London paper dated Nov. 12th, writes:—"Combinations of the working classes are making the tour of France, and at the present moment the journeymen tailors at Bordeaux have in their turn combined together. For some days past the workshops have been completely deserted, and the masters find it impossible to satisfy the orders of their customers. The journeymen demand an increase of wages, and at the present moment negociations on this subject are being carried on between them and their employers. In the mean time no business is being done."

Desperate Conflict.—It is well known that the Straits of Malaca are infested with thousands of Pirates of the most formidable and daring character. The last East India paper gives an account of another engagement between an English frigate, the Andromache, and three large craft of the pirates, which were manned by 122 Malays. Of this number, 113 were killed in the action, and the surviving nine were taken prisoners and carried to Singapore for trial. The pirates must necessarily have fought with a bravery and desperation worthy of a nobler cause.

Wraxall's Memoirs of his own time—Carey, Lea & Blanchard.—We have whiled away a few hours of leisure very agreeably, in examing this chronicle, of one of the most interesting periods of English history. The author of these memoirs, might certainly lay fair claim to originality of style, if his work did not possess any higher attraction. The careless and unaffected tone which characterises the contents, forms a curious contrast, to the refined language and polished style, of the contemporary writers, of a time that been well entitled the Augustan Age, of England. Wraxall has not shed much additional light upon the public history of that period, but his delineations of the private characters of the illustrious persons of that era, will secure these memoirs a place among the standard works of British historians.

The demand for this work has obliged the publishers to issue a second edition.

Young Ladies Library.—Mr. Edward Biddle, in Minor street below Sixth, has published a beautiful and unique edition of the above mentioned work, in six volumes. The order in which they are arranged, is as follows:

1st—The Young Ladies Own Book.
2d—The Young Ladies Sunday Book.
3d—The Young Ladies Book of Poetry.
4th—The Young Ladies Book of Prose.
5th—The Young Ladies Letter Book.
6th—The Young Ladies Dictionary.

Forming an admirable and well arranged series of all that is necessary to adorn and embellish the female character. The selections, poetical and otherwise, appear to have been made with great judgment for the occasion, and are moreover, combined with a number of original contributions, possessing a considerable degree of merit. Twelve very passable copperplate engravings are added to the series. For the binding, printing, and other external embellishments the name of the publisher, we should presume, was a sufficient guarantee.—In every respect these volumes are well calculated for an appropriate and gratifying present to a female friend.

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

It has become fashionable to bring before the public, important political subjects and discussions in the shape of letters from an individual illustrious for wisdom and sagacity, to his friends ostensibly, but to the public materially. So comes forward, (we are told for we have not seen the publication,) RUSH N. WALLACE, Esquire, of Hillsborough, Tenn. covering two columns with pompous grandiloquence, and finely turned periods, wherein he defends his immaculate character, against——the letter of a publisher soliciting payment for two or three years subscription to a periodical, due some three or four years since, and for which bills had been forwarded from time to time in papers to save him from expense. Finding bills were of no effect, a letter was addressed him—which occasion he has seized, to "snatch immortality" and place it on his noble brow!—He pleads that for a part of the time he had paid agents who had dissolved partnership, one of which referred to the other who knew nothing about it, neither of them having attended to the business and left their principal in the dark as to the transaction.

Mr. Wallace being "a half-horse-half-alligator, riding on a streak of lightning" illuminates his countrymen in a *blaze* of eloquence!—But we doubt his having paid the money.

The following named persons will please let us know where bills may be sent them, having removed from their residences:

Samuel Ollis, late at 14 Cherry st. Philadelphia.
Thomson & Evans, silversmiths, late at 90 N. Fifth street.
John Sanderson, teacher.
Titus Yerks, late in 4th st. above Callowhill.
Wm. H. Brown, artist, 248 Filbert street.
Proprietor Philad. Lock Dispensary, late 45 Prune street.
Ebenezer James, shoemaker, late at Exchange Place.
Wm. Holderness, late at 29 Union street.
J. W. Jones, (Sun office) late Library street.
Wm. Baker, late at Norristown, Pa.
A. F. Beneris, (saddler) late at Norristown, Pa.
Reuben E. Taylor, Lawrenceville, N. Jersey.

N. Orleans, Dec 17.—In the present situation of the market, general observations are hardly applicable, for, while much briskness is exhibited and extensive sales are taking place in some departments, there is evidently too great a want of animation in other branches of trade, to authorise us in making a sweeping remark, and say that activity prevailed throughout, or that all was moving on lively and well. Very few steamboats are arriving from the Ohio and Upper Mississippi, and we understand that the navigation of those streams is considerably obstructed by ice. We have had rather variable weather this week, but, with the exception of a temporary suspension of operations yesterday, in consequence of rain, it has been favorable to out-door business. The Mississippi remains as last reported, 7½ feet below high water-mark.

Puzzling Question.—Referring to the late revolt at Strasburg, the manner in which Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has been dealt with, and keeping in view the death of Charles X. the Paris *Corsaire* of Nov. 16, hazards in its own way, says the London Times, a question calculated to suggest unpleasant anticipations and embarrassment to the Government. "What," it asks, "is there to prevent the Duke de Bordeaux from trying his fortune as did Louis Bonaparte, when the only evil consequences that could attend its failure would be a trip to Messina or New York?"

The Monroe Democrat, published at Rochester, New York, recently contained an account of a Sewing Machine, invented by a mechanic of that place, from which we make the following extract:

We were yesterday permitted to witness the operation of a very simple machine, which has been constructed, within a few months, in this city, and which demonstrates the fact that tailoring will not always be done by fingers and thimbles. In its present imperfect state, it takes from three to four stiches in a second, and the inventer thinks one may be constructed with improvements which have suggested themselves to his mind, which will more than double this number.

The fate of Mr. Edward Gould, who was engaged in the battle of Dunlawton on the 8th of June last, is thus announced in the St. Augustine Herald:—"Having swam to an island after the battle was over, he was taken by the Indians and carried to their camp. He was wounded in the thigh and they bound up his wounds and otherwise treated him kindly. At sunset they stripped him of his clothing, and told him to go, that he was too young to kill, and they would not hurt him. He started from the camp, and had proceeded about fifty yards, when, at a preconcerted signal, he fell before their treacherous rifles. Twelve balls were lodged in his body, and he fell without a groan!"

France.—Paris advices are to the 23d of Nov. inclusive. The recent revolutionary proceedings in Portugal, formed the leading topic of discussion. The London conservative papers are mourning that the conduct of the Whig ministers, in regard to Portuguese affairs, should have rendered the English name as hated in that portion of the Peninsula, as it was once popular.

The young Bonaparte, since the failure of his ridiculous attempt at Strasburg, has manifested deep repentance, and very great anxiety on account of the rash and unfortunate men who are implicated with him. He has written, it is said, to the King, the Queen, the Duke of Orleans, and to several marshals and generals, earnestly intreating their mediation.

Young Bonaparte reached L'Orient on the night of the 14th of Nov. was immediately put on board the Andromeda, and sailed on the 15th for this country.

By a late arrival from Algiers, intelligence had been received of the final dissolution of Abdel Kader's little army, and his own retreat from before Oran. A valuable commerce was already springing up between the ports of the new French colony of Algiers, and Morocco, the exports from the former being principally French manufactures and products.

A funeral service in honor of Charles X. was performed in the church of the palace at Vienna, the Emperor, Empress and Court being present in deep mourning. Another, of a more public nature, was to be performed at the cathedral. The Count de Luchese Palli (husband of the Duchess de Berri) had gone to Geritz to attend the funeral.

Dr. Bird, the author of the Gladiator has been elected an honorary member of the Dramatic Author's Society. Mr. Forrest receives $1(0)0 a night at Drury Lane.

SYNOPSIS OF CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

IN SENATE.

December 28.—Mr. McKean presented a memorial from Philadelphia, praying for an appropriation for a site, for a Custom House.

Several unfavorable reports were made on petitions, praying for pensions.

Mr. Davis, on leave, introduced a Bill in addition to an act, for the relief of sick and disabled seamen, which was read twice, and referred to the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. Benton moved to print 1000 extra copies of a statement of balances, which will remain unexpended in the Treasury, on the 1st of January next; five copies of each to be sent to the Governors of each of the States, and twenty copies to be sent to each branch of the several Legislatures.

Dec. 29.—Mr. Grundy, from the committee on the Judiciary, reported a bill to admit the State of Michigan into the Union, on an equal footing with the original States, which was read a first and second time. It was finally ordered that the further consideration of the subject, should be postponed until Monday, and made the special order of the day.

TREASURY ORDER.—The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the resolution offered by Mr. Ewing, to rescind the Treasury Order of July 11—the question being on the amendment offered by Mr. Rives. The debate was continued until the Senate adjourned.

Dec. 30.—The Senate did not sit to-day, having adjourned over to Monday.

January 2, 1837.—Mr. Preston appeared in his seat to-day.

A message was received from the President of the United States, inclosing a communication from the War Department, which was necessary to complete the annual report of the Department.

A report was received from the Secretary of the Navy, of the expenditures of the contingent appropriation of the year, which has been settled in the Fourth Auditor's Office.

Mr. Buchanan presented a petition of Dr. Plantou, praying for an appropriation to test certain improvements, which he professes to have devised in canal navigation, and also on rail roads. Also a petition of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, praying an appropriation for a Custom House.

Mr. Walker, from the committee on Public Lands, reported with an amendment the bill to introduce on leave, by Mr. Clay, to appropriate for a limited term, the proceeds of the public lands, &c. (the amendment is a substitution of a new bill for the bill of Mr. Clay, and limiting the sales of public lands.) The amendment was ordered to be printed, and the bill was made the special order for Thursday.

MICHIGAN.—On motion of Mr. Grundy, the previous orders were passed, and the Senate proceeded to consider the bill for the admission of Michigan into the Union. The debate was continued until the usual hour of adjournment, when, on motion of Ewing, of Ohio, the Senate adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

December 28.—Mr. Galbraith presented the memorial of certain citizens of the State of Pennsylvania, remonstrating against the encroachment, upon the provisions of the Constitution and the liberties of the people, by incorporated Banking Companies, and praying Congress to adopt some measure for preventing the same.

Mr. Ward offered a resolution for an inquiry into the expediency of granting public lands to those officers, who served during the late war with Great Britain, which, after some discussion was laid on the table—yeas 119, nays 71.

UNITED STATES MINT.—The bill to amend the act establishing the Mint of the United States, was read a third time and passed.

The bill appropriating two millions for the suppression of Indian hostilities, was read a third time and passed.

Dec. 29. STATE BANKS.—The House took up for consideration the memorial yesterday, presented by Mr. Galbraith, from certain citizens of Pennsylvania, praying Congress to procure an amendment to the Constitution by which the States shall be prevented from incorporating banking companies; and also praying the interposition of Congress to prohibit the circulation of the United States Bank notes of a date, prior to the expiration of its charter.

Mr. Harper of Pennsylvania, said the memorial was signed by only eight individuals, not three of whom probably understood any thing about banking [illegible] was to elicit [illegible] might be construed [illegible] of a certain party in Pennsylvania. He admitted the evils of the present currency, which were increasing, and would continue to grow worse till [illegible]

But the evil was brought upon us entirely by the present administration, which, by destroying the United States Bank, had deranged the most beautiful system of currency that was ever established in any country. By destroying that Bank, all check and restraint had been removed from the State Banks, in consequence of which the country had been flooded with local bank paper, and property exposed to ruinous fluctuations.

Mr. Mann, of New York, deprecated the course of this debate, as likely to involve the House in a long and useless debate.

The main question, which was upon the motion of Mr. Pearce, to commit to the Committee on Ways and Means, was ordered to be put.

The motion of Mr. Pearce was lost, and the memorial referred to a select committee.

Dec. 30.—A message was received from the President of the United States, transmitting a Report from the Secretary of State, on the subject of the Southwestern frontier: laid on the table.

Mr. Jarvis, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, reported a bill to authorise the Secretary of the Treasury, to purchase the stock in the Bank of the United States, held by the Navy Pension Fund, and for other purposes, read twice and committed.

Dec. 31. DEPOSITE BANKS.—The House took up for consideration the following resolution, heretofore offered by Mr. Garland of Virginia:—

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury communicate to this House, if within his power, the dividends and surpluses which were declared by, and the amount of public money remaining in the several Banks in which the public money was deposited for the years 1833, '34, '35, and '36, severally.

After some remarks from Messrs. Thompson, of S. C., D. J. Pearce, and Toucey, Mr. Vanderpoel moved to amend the amendment, by directing an [illegible] communication between the banks and the Treasury department [illegible] what salary he has, &c. [illegible] amendment [illegible] the day.

The use of the Hall, was granted to Mr. Howe, on Tuesday evening next, for the exhibition of the pupils of the New England Institution for the Blind. After some time spent in private business, the House adjourned.

January 2, 1837.—The House of Representatives did not sit to-day.

Fatal Mistake.—A little girl about four years old, daughter of L. G. Morgan, of Kingston, N. Y., was accidentally shot by her father a few days since, under the following circumstances:—The girl went up stairs [illegible]

THE SURPLUS ON THE FIRST JANUARY. IMPORTANT.

Before the adjournment of the House of Representatives on Tuesday, the Speaker submitted a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, in the words following, to wit:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Jan. 3, 1837.

Sir: I seize the earliest occasion to inform Congress of the measures which this Department has adopted under the 13th section of the act regulating "the deposites of the public money."

The balance in the Treasury on that day, which was subject to be apportioned among the different States, on the principles of the act, as construed by the Attorney General and explained in the annual report, has been ascertained to be $37,468,859 97.

The division of this sum, in detail, among the several States, will be seen in the document annexed, (A) and including Michigan, equals $127,445 10 to each electoral vote.

In consequence of the proceedings of the last convention in Michigan, and the views expressed concerning them by the President of the U. S. in his recent message communicating those proceedings to Congress, together with the provisions of the bill now pending in the Senate on this question, the Department has been placed in a situation so [illegible] as to be thought to justify the [illegible] public deposites [illegible] the future action of Congress upon the propriety of this step.

The payment of the share assigned to Michigan will, therefore, be postponed till some expression of opinion shall be given by Congress, which may [illegible]

Twelve of the States have communicated their acceptance of the terms of the act, and are accordingly transferred [illegible] quarterly deposit [illegible] now issuing in favor of their respective agents.

Which is respectfully submitted.

LEVI WOODBURY,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Apportionment among the several States of the Public Money remaining in the Treasury on the 1st January, 1837, excepting five millions of dollars.

States.	No. Electoral votes	Amount to be deposited
Maine	10	$1,274,451 02
New Hampshire	7	892,115 71
Massachusetts	14	1,784,231 43
Rhode Island	4	509,780 41
Vermont	7	892,115 71
Connecticut	8	1,019,560 82
New York	42	5,352,694 29
New Jersey	8	1,019,560 82
Pennsylvania	30	3,823,353 06
Delaware	3	382,335 31
Maryland	10	1,274,451 02
Virginia	23	2,931,237 35
North Carolina	15	1,911,676 53
South Carolina	11	1,401,896 12
Georgia	11	1,401,896 12
Alabama	7	892,115 71
Mississippi	4	509,780 41
Louisiana	5	637,225 51
Missouri	4	509,780 41
Kentucky	15	1,911,676 53
Tennessee	15	1,911,676 53
Ohio	21	2,676,347 14
Indiana	9	1,147,005 92
Illinois	5	637,225 51
Arkansas	3	382,335 31
Michigan	3	382,335 31
		$37,468,859 96

THE LONDON MONEY MARKET.

Extract to the Editor of the Penn. Inquirer, dated London, Nov. 24, 1836.

It is really with sorrow I inform you that the Money Market does not improve. On the contrary, mutual distrust and alarm seem to be spreading through all ranks of commercial society, and the same feeling will extend to all the other grades and classes.

True it is that within the last day or two Stocks have improved a *trifle of one third per cent!* but this [illegible]

SALES OF STOCK

[illegible]

DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT.

[illegible]

Theatre, Chesnut Street.

Miss Ellen Tree as Mrs Haller.

Saturday Evening, January 7.

THE STRANGER.

Mrs. HALLER ... Miss ELLEN TREE

To conclude with the

WANDERING MINSTREL.

[illegible]

American Walnut St. Theatre.

First Night of the Bravo of Venice!

Saturday Evening, January 7.

THE BRAVO OF VENICE.

[illegible]

Single Copies of the S. E. Post,

ARE LEFT FOR SALE AT

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

MARRIAGES.

[illegible]

DEATHS.

[illegible]

OBITUARY.

[illegible]

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

[illegible]

To Agents and Subscribers.

☞*Agents who have funds in their hands are respectfully requested to make remittance,* [illegible]

Notice.

[illegible]

Administrator's Notice.

[illegible]

Grand Hindoo Exhibition.

[illegible]

Notice.

[illegible]

China, Glass & Queensware.

[illegible]

Notice.

[illegible]

Lectures

[illegible]

Agents Wanted

[illegible]

Situation Wanted.

[illegible]

White Mulberry.

[illegible]

West of England Cloths.

[illegible]

Public Sale of Real Estate.

[illegible]

No. 57 North Eighth Street.

DR. HUET'S MEDICAL HOUSE.

[illegible]

Baker's Intelligence Office.

[illegible]

Boarders.

[illegible]

Clerk Wanted.

[illegible]

Co-partnership Notice.

[illegible]

Administrator's Notice.

[illegible]

Removal.

[illegible]

"Always the same, the world may turn,
That gives it all its flavour."

CHRISTMAS CALAMITIES.

The balloon, Sir, is at the door:
He's come to taste your Christmas cheer;
And hopes, Sir, you'll remember him:
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The postman, too, is down below,
A message, sir, the lord sent him;
He says you need to give a crown;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The waiters at the Rock, Rodney, St. Paul's,
St. John's, St. Jude's, St. Giles', are here:
They're singing in the kitchen now
That Christmas comes but once a year."

The seals are waiting in the hall,
With horns, and drums, and fifes so clear;
They're coming up to play a tune;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The morris men are at their heels,
Decked out in all their fancy gear:
They hope you'll have tea in readiness;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The scavengers have called again:
They grumble, Sir, and call you "near:"
And hope you'll give another crown;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The Butcher's, Baker's, Blacksmith's boys
Declare the lads that letts were here
Are clowns, and hope you'll think of them;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The lamplighters has called, and says
N. lamp in all the town's more clear
Than ours; and hopes you'll not forget
That Christmas comes but once a year.

The clerk and sexton are arrived.
That buried my late mistress dear
Last Christmas twelvemonth: but you know,
Sir, that Christmas come but once a year.

They say they dug your grandsire's grave,
And hope to lay you on the bier:
And say you'll not forget old friends:
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The watchman's come his hourly calls
Can't sight to hear you piously here,
The Sunday, he says, have grown so short;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The pretty milkmaid, Sir's below,
And says with her most winning leer,
She's sure your honour can't refuse her;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The butler woman's low a cow;
And Nother won't get well, they fear;
She know's you'll grieve to hear of ills;
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The millet, too, is beating come:
Oil Bet the dunnock's in his rear,
The coal man hopes you'll "coost the coal,"
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The keyman's also swears you are
"The nicest gentleman in the shire,"
Hopes no offence, Sir, to remind
That Christmas comes but once a year.

The shoemaker, and tailor's boys,
Ringers and beadles next appear;
S. rry to be so troublesome,
But Christmas comes but once a year.

And then you know, Sir, there's ourselves,
All for our little gifts draw near—
Cook, valet, footman butler or groom;
But Christmas comes but once a year.

Tom, Jack, Will, Dick, Joe, Peter, Sam,
Ralph, Andrew, Phelim, Pat, and Larry;
And little Hugh concerns here,
And Peter, too, you must box Harry.

And hark! I hear the ball door bell:
And by its sound and clear
I know it an hearing ring;
But Christmas comes but once a year.

Hold, hold! no more! or on board pond
Fellside as I must commit,
I can afford the income,
By Jove, I'll go into the pit.

And this shall be my epitaph:
"Stranger, incline a passing tear,
On ex ineffectuals who died
Of "Christmas comes but once a year."

A celebrated poacher, who had emigrated to America, being met in the same country by a person who knew his propensity in the old, was congratulated on having a subject for its humanity; to which he replied, "I never will go there me, I scarcely ever think about it, for there is nobody here that seeks to hunt me."

An anxious and faithful father had been lecturing and counseling a dissolute and incorrigible son. After a pathetic appeal to his conscience, discovering no signs of contrition, "What! exclaimed the father, "not one moment's repentance—not one penitent tear?" "Ah, father," rejoined the hardened son, "you may as well leave off crying now—you will obtain no water I can assure you."

"Lord L.'s head is quite a study," remarked a member of the aristocracy, referring to their well developed knowledge-box of one of the clerestories. "No wonder," replied Mr. Warner of Sapolio, "and there are few that contain so much reading, let me tell you."

Fishing for Compliments.—"Well, Dinah, said a would-be-fine gentleman to a black girl, "they say beauty soon fades, but do you see any of my wrinkles?" "Oh no, massa; but den me hasn't had time to show 'em, don't retain her colour quite so well as colored lady."

In that Ale!—An individual of our acquaintance had been suffering all night with that most excruciating of pains that arises from the tooth-ache. He could not at still or lie down. It seemed to grow worse, if any thing, in the morning; and at a time when the pain was extremely distressing, he was accosted very rudely by one of his neighbors, who had met with a most unfortunate accident and was screaming as if he were in the greatest conceivable. The gentleman caught up his hat, bound a handkerchief to his face, and almost frantic with the tooth-ache, ran out to see what had happened. He found a neighbor living on the ground beneath a mountrous log, that had fallen upon the leg, and broken it. Sympathy was extreme. "Friend, what is the matter?" said the tooth-aching gentleman, as soon as he could breathe. "Oh, don't you see? I've had an accident: look at that broken limb. "Oh" exclaimed the latter, "that is nothing to what I've had, for I've had the tooth-ache!"

Antidote.—"Whatever is just, is honorable." —Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Nothing could be more grateful. A circumstance, showing to what an extent the sentiment prevails among our race of men recently occurred in the theological class of the Southern States, in the Theological Seminary at Andover, had purchased some wood, and was exceedingly embarrassed at being unable to obtain some one to saw it into sticks. He went to Professor Stuart to inquire what he should do in order to obtain a person to saw it. The learned Professor replied that he was in want of a job himself, and he would saw for him.

A copy of the famous tapestry of Bayeux, which time is raising every day, is about to be executed at the Gobelins for the museum at Versailles. It is known that this tapestry was made by queen Matilda, who most likely worked the needle during the expedition of her husband, William the Conqueror, in 1066. It is 212 feet long and 19 inches wide, and represents the great feats of the Normans in the expedition. The Gobelin authorities have moved in order to present, which, notwithstanding the subject is repugnant to a national in England or France, and have caused it to be drawn with the aid of a Chinese lantern, by an artist named Storkard, whom they despatched for the express purpose.

He has made a scrupulously exact copy of the work, which scarcely feel long and sit in diameter. The first page of it gives the exact account of the transaction it has been made, the date of 10,000 francs. It has been made, the date of the signature in Paris, of the publication of the same Rooms to the copy of it, and here is none but being happiness in greatness!

If you are so oblige, the person you so oblige will secretly despise you.

A Borough Election.—"Well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as his valet appeared at his bedroom door, just as he was considering his toilet" all alive to-day, I suppose?"

"Rag fair gamin, sir," replied Mr. Weller; "our people's a collecting down at the Town Arms, and they're a-hollering themselves hoarse already."

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "do they seem devoted to their party, Sam?"

"Never see such devotion in my life, sir."

"Indeed, eh?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Uncommon," replied Sam; "I never see men eat and drink in such unanimous opinions, good mornin', sir."

"Stop," said the master, thunderous of the gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Wery lately," replied Sam, briefly.

"Do they, indeed, believe their powers, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick, glancing from the window.

"Why, I rayther think they do," Sam; "me and the two waiters at the Peacock, has been purpin the independent voters as supped here last night.

"Purpining our independent rotters!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes," said his attendant; "every man single were in full dewy, and they was to be paid at one, this morning and put 'em under the purse, and if they didn't believe their powers, why, I'm sure, I heard the committee paid for that 'ere job."

"Is such things be!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"Lord bless your heart, sir," said Sam, "why where's you been all your days that's nothin' that at all."

"Nothing!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Nothin' at all, sir," replied his attendant. "The night afore last the day of the election here, the deputy-party bribed the bar-maid at the Town Arms, to locus the brandy and water of fourteen tumblers up in one case, and hand the lemons in another."

"What do you mean by locussing, brandy and water?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Purine' 'em in it," replied Sam. "Blessed if she didn't send 'em all to sleep till twelve hours after the election was over. They took one man up to the beach in a truck, fast asleep, by way of experiment, but it was no go—they would'nt pull him; so they brought him back, and put him to bed again."

"Strange practices, these," said Mr. Pickwick.

Holton Garden.—William Wilberforce, a man of colour from the coast of Gambia, was summoned at the suit of Thomas Larkins, a portrait painter, to show cause why he refused paying the sum of 40 guineas, for having his likeness painted.

The plaintiff stated that the defendent applied to him to paint his portrait, which he agreed to do for a guinea. The picture was finished and sent home; but when he called on the following day for the money, the defendent flew into a violent passion, declaring that it bore no sort of resemblance to him than it did to one of the horneys of his tribe.

Commissioner—Have you the picture with you?

Plaintiff—Yes.

(Exhibiting a portrait of the defendent, of much like him as his bulls of blacking can be like each other.

Defendent—Him no like me, I say, and me no hab him—me let me place, so me hab one picture for cookey; but him no like me.

The Commissioner, having examined the portrait, declared he considered it a good likeness for the price.

The defendent then took it up and after looking at it for some moments, pulled out a pocket mirror, in which he carefully examined his own physog, comparing it all the time with the picture, which he at last threw down in a violent passion, saying—Him make me one, him too white (laughter)—and him nose like Patton.

Commissioner—Patton! what's that?

Defendent—God o' Mity, massa, for Judge not know what Patteo mean! Him like Patteo, I posting to white massa—him no like poor lumner, who had a remarkably small beaky nose—Patteo mean a what you call crab.

Commissioner—But you do not call the plaintiff so, eh?

Defendent—Yes, massa, for Judge, him like Patteo, and pecta too like Patteo, sir, so me no like him.

Commissioner—But whether you take the picture or not, you must pay the guinea and the costs.

Defendant—No, massa, me no do dat; him no like me, him too white, and he hab no handsome ears, but dat like a Patteo.

The Court, however, adjudged, notwithstanding that he must pay the amount of the plaintiff's claim, with costs.

Herculean Effort.—The Liverpool Journal contains a well written and entertaining sketch of the life of Mr. Buckingham, in which many anecdotes are given, which have never before been in print. Among others, the following ought to be included in every edition of "The Curiosities of Literature." In 1828, Mr. Buckingham issued proposals for publishing daily paper under the title of "The Argus." The sheet with one stamp was to form two papers, one directed to patrons, the other to literature and the arts. By this means, it would in every sense of the word be a family paper, not only accommodating different persons at the same time but suiting different tastes. In the morning, also of these newspapers, and, therefore, 50,000 copies were proposed to be issued gratuitously, at two pence. It was calculated, that, if no stamp was required, the advertisements in this large edition would cover the cost of paper and printer it on a certain day after before it came out that Mr. Buckingham learnt, that if it contained any news, intelligence, or comments on passing events, it must be stamped under heavy penalties. Naturally enough, he had no inclination to pressed 10,000 postage stamps to the public, and he resolved that the specimen Argus should describe fiction instead of events, and have no comments, except on things that might come to pass. Accordingly he sat up all night, drew out the liberty of inserting a portion of fact injected to appear before many years were over, and not only the stamp saved by its having no news, but no duty was paid on the advertisements, as the same paper was not published again, and therefore, it was not a periodical. The stamp office could make nothing, except on the elegant phraseology of the accomplished for George Drinkwater, Esq., that they were regularly floored."—*London paper.*

The Retort Direct.—Some time ago, my friend Amindab paid me a visit from the country. He lives at Rock Hollow, and we frequently reciprocate civilities in that way. My friend Amindab, he was very particular in showing me the improvements, and he took me to see all the well cultivated farm: and when he come to his new barn, he endeavored to show me how agreeably as possible, shewing him about our city and diversities of things. At last we came to be wanted to purchase some agricultural looks for his boys; so one day I accompanied him to the bookstore of my "particular friend," Mr. Minden. Amindab had on a full suit of home made cloth, country boots and enormous gaps and the indentical broad brim that had shielded her head and shoulders from many storms for full five years. He could not find exactly the books that he wanted, and probably was a little embarrassed by the sneers of the young man: a port young wag, to starch and buckram.

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" said he, a little to put power at him.

"Well—here's an Essay on the Rearing of Calves."

"That," said Amindab, as he turned to leave the store "*That had better present to thy Master.*"

" *Wholesome Scraps.*—If you are ever so sure that you ought to resent an injury, at least put the matter off to another day. Then, if you still pain every and better by that means; whereas you may do yourself or your master great mischief by proceeding rashly and hastily.

The consciousness of having acted by principle, and without the guidance or partiality of any son whatever, in a pleasure superior to all the gratifications of vanity.

Why do you desire riches and grandeur? Because you think they will bring happiness with them. The very thing you want is now in your power—you have only to study *con entend*.

Don't be frightened if misfortune stalks into your humble habitation. She sometimes takes the liberty of walking into the presence-chamber of Kings.

Are not the great happiest when most free from the *incumbrances of greatness*? Is there any happiness in greatness?

If you sort to oblige, the person you so oblige will secretly despise you.

If you have a family, it is no more allowable that you squander away your substance than for a steward to embezzle the estate of which he is a manager.

It may not be in your power to excel many people in riches, honors, or abilities; but you may excel themselves in goodness and humility. Hither turn your ambition. Here is an object worthy of it.

The most knowing are the most desirous of knowledge. The most virtuous the most desirous of improvement. Ignorance, of both kinds, the ignorant think themselves wise enough; the wicked, that they have no occasion for religion.

Accustom yourself to strict observance of your duty in all respects, and it will at last be as inconsistent to omit or violate it, as it is to many people to practise it.

To defend calumny, I. Despise it. To seem disturbed about it is the way to make it be believed; and stabbing your calumniator will not prove you innocent. 5. Live an exemplary life and then your general good character will overpower it. 5. Speak tenderly of every body, even of your defamers, and you will make the good think favorably of them, and even those who can find it in their hearts to injure one so inoffensive.

He who knows himself will not be impatient.

If you would add a lustre to all your accomplishments, add that best ornament, humility. To say a thing valuable is great; but to be above conceit on account of one's accomplishments is greater. Obedient to the call of natural gifts, you owe them to the Divine bounty. If you are impressed of the consciousness of undoubted virtue, you have only done your duty; and, therefore, little remains for you to glory in.

Magnetism in Good.—The magnet, which some years ago was thought to work such marvels in the cure of rheumatism, and which is again lauded for the same purpose, has been employed recently for its curative power in gout. The writer in the journal of "The Royal Academy of Science Medicine," of Bologna. The editors of this journal, in consequence, have issued a circular demand for loadstone, to make enquiries concerning the uses to which it was put by experiment, but it was so go—they would of hold him; so they brought him back, and put him to bed again.

"Strange practices, these," said Mr. Pickwick.

Rainbow Ruffs.—In a sermon preached at Whitehall, before King James the First, on the Innocents-day by nephew of James Lord Hay, with the only daughter of Lord Denny, on 12th day 1607-8, the author, Robert Wilkinson, derived his text from the Proverbs, xxxi. verse 24, namely, "She a like a merchant's ship, she bringeth food from afar off," and the grand object of his discourse was, to trace points of resemblance between a woman and a ship. The following extract, having a direct reference to the female fashions of that period, will exemplify the manner in which this curious work is written.

"But of all qualities, a woman must not have one quality of a ship, and that is the over much gaging. Oh! what a wonder it is to see a ship under the supply for necessary of a pen, and her tops and top-gallants, with her upper works and her gilded stern, to be set forth with her streamers, flags and ensigns, and I know not what; yea, what world of wonders it is to see her coasted along by the shore, and her sumptuous entertainment with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish Dutch: but that must her, when he looks upon her, shall hardly know her, with her plumes, her fans, her paint, her and, with a ruffe like a sail, yea, a ruffe like a mainsail, and a pinnace in her cap like a flag at her top, to tell (I think) which way the wind will blow."

The Two Impediments.—A rich butcher widow of a certain village had a cast in her eye, sylvania, became enamoured of a handsome young man who had also an eye in the way of habit of trading, whenever he chanced to go that market. Finding that upon her modest hints to elicit a formal declaration from the latter, the merchant had only been thrown away, she at length determined to speak out in plain terms, and had the pleasure to hear him confess that he been in love with her for a long time, but was not to tell him so, and there were only two impediments in the way of their union, one of which she alone could remove. The delighted widow, with a blush, said that she would gladly engage herself for their removal. "Alas, madam" replied he, "when I name the first only, I am sure, it would in every sense of the word be a family paper, not only accommodating different persons at the same time but suiting different tastes. In the morning, also of these newspapers, and, therefore, 50,000 copies were proposed to be issued gratuitously, at two pence. It was calculated, that, if no stamp was required, the advertisements in this large edition would cover the cost of paper and printer it on a certain day after before it came out that Mr. Buckingham learnt, that if it contained any news, intelligence, or comments on passing events, it must be stamped under heavy penalties. Naturally enough, he had no inclination to pressed 10,000 postage stamps to the public, and he resolved that the specimen Argus should describe fiction instead of events, and have no comments, except on things that might come to pass. Accordingly he sat up all night, drew out the liberty of inserting a portion of fact injected to appear before many years were over, and not only the stamp saved by its having no news, but no duty was paid on the advertisements, as the same paper was not published again, and therefore, it was not a periodical. The stamp office could make nothing, except on the elegant phraseology of the accomplished for George Drinkwater, Esq., that they were regularly floored."—*London paper.*

" *Miraculous Circumstance.*—We copy the following from No. 5 of the Pickwick Club Papers, which is a most marvellous circumstance, related by Sam, the coachman, as happened to him on the road to Bath. "Down a couple of rounds down here once," lection time came on, and I was engaged by vun party to bring down voters from London. Vell, I'd a wery good time on it, drive up, committee on t'other side sends for me privately, and vun fine goes with the messenger, who shows him in—large room—lots of gen'l'm—heavy wines, port, sherry, and cold all that sort. "Ah, Mr. Weller," says the gen'l'm, "I'm wery glad to see you, sir, how are you?" "Wery well, thank'ee sir," says I, "I hope you're pretty middlin', says he. "Pretty middlin', sir," says I. Sting with your left hand, Mr. Weller -pray sit down, sir." So my father sits down, and the gen'l'm hands me a wery large hard at each other. 'You don't remember me' says he, 'but I've seen you many a time.' "Indeed, father. "Oh, I know you," says the gen'l'm, I know'd you ven you was a boy, says he. "Well, I don't remember that, sir," says I. "Don't I, Sam?" "Wery odd," says the gen'l'm'n. "Wery, says my father, "it was wery odd indeed, sir," says Weller, says the gen'l'm'n. "Well, it is a wery curious circumstance, that I should have seen the gen'l'm'n. So then they poors him out a glass of wine, and gives him a glass of wine, and gets him into a regular good humour, and at last shoves a twenty pound note in his hand. "Now, my dear sir," says he, "you must go to London, says the gen'l'm'n. "Here and there and everywhere, sir," says I, "I'm always ready, your the canal, I think, says the gen'l'm'n. "Sam" but that one, is my father. "Oh, Mr. Weller, says the gen'l'm'n, "you're a wery good-whip, and can do what you like with your horses, we know. We're all fond o' you, Mr. Weller; so in case you should have an accident when you're a bringing them down to-morrow, and should tip 'em over into the canal without hurting 'em, this is for yourself," says he, "and in case you should have an accident and overturn his coach and spoil 'em, this is for the coach," says he, "and so on, for the harness, the horses, and the leaders. The very thing you want is now in your power—you have only to study *con entend*.

Don't be frightened if misfortune stalks into your humble habitation. She sometimes takes the liberty of walking into the presence-chamber of Kings.

Are not the great happiest when most free from the *incumbrances of greatness*? Is there any happiness in greatness?

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THE SILK CULTURIST.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE PHILADELPHIA SILK MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

The Committee appointed at a meeting of the friends of the culture and manufacture of Silk, held on the 15th day of November, 1836, to take into consideration the proposition to establish a manufactory of Silk Goods, report, that they reside in the city of Philadelphia, and for the present session of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, under the authority of the acts of Assembly, for the promotion of the culture of Silk, report—

That the Silk business is entirely as the time and opportunities have permitted, examined the subject confided to them. That it would be a great national benefit, if Silk should become an article of general production in the United States, and that if it can be profitably manufactured in our country, it will give employment in a great number of persons, which may be advantageously admitted. The culture of silk by raising the mulberry tree, and feeding the worm, will produce that beautiful article of luxury and comfort. It will not seriously interfere with the general business of the agriculturist, or require much expenditure of land labor for its growth. Its natural extent, diminish its usual productions. The Mulberry tree flourishes best in cultivated fields; and the silk worm is fed principally on the leaves for the food of the Silk worm, which may be easily and cheaply made, and securely used for the divisions of a single room. Besides, the worm itself affords much more costly, and always exposed to injury and decay.

The periods of the year in which the Silk worm is fed, and when only the attention of the farmer and his family is required for the care and management, are those in which the labors of the field are less urgent and pressing than at others, not very great; and a large amount of the Silk worm when feeding, and making the cocoon, are most properly furnished by females, and children, from the age of 10 to 16 years old, in the winter season, the family fireside of the farmer is generally without employment, and may be engaged in reeling the Silk from the cocoons, a most agreeable and profitable occupation for that part of the year.

The Committee have engaged in these remarks from the gratification, it is believed, they will afford, to see introduced into the middle and southern parts of the United States, a new production and manufacture; which they do not hesitate to say, will, in a short period, yield rich and abundant products of the cotton and rice fields of the South, and will add to their actual action and advantage, a large amount of power in the moral influence of these results all will reap the benefit, and the whole be united to every exchange for her rich and necessary productions, and the consequent increase of wealth, and the winter season, the family fireside of the farmer, while employed without employment, may be engaged in reel ing the Silk from the cocoons, a most agreeable and profitable occupation for that part of the year.

The Committee submit in the following report their views in detail, which will result

Vol. XVII.

Queen Elizabeth's

mory, now termed "Queen Eliza
ent order of the Board of Or
shown to the visiters of the To
nish Armoury." This title was
beinf that it contained weapons
f torture, &c. taken from the
The armoury is contained in
was rebuilt a few years ago, op
western angle of the White
e "Spanish Armoury" first occu
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constituted the spoils of the A
small instrument, termed in th
iron collar of torture," which
o have been actually taken fr
ect; but even that is doubtful.
contained in this armoury, wit
ns, belong to the fifteenth and si
and are mostly of Englishmanu
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as the old title propagated a gr
g delusion.
rwick, in his 'Critical Inquiry,'
of the Military Stores at Gree
e reign of Charles II. upon w
as follows:—
this curious survey we learn
re in the Tower came from
their places; and as in the state
made of the Spanish armoury,
clude that it did not then exist.
th pistols in them were in the
n of Edward VI. and therefore
d, have belonged to the Armad
were common to the English

From the Token for 1836.

AUTUMN.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

as it come, the time to fade?"
ed with a murmuring sigh
Maple, in his motley robe,
Was the first to make reply;
t the queenly Dahlias drooped
pon their thrones of state?
the frost king with his baleful kiss
had well foretold their fate.

Iranga, on her telegraph,
, hurried signal reared.
reason dark, that fain would lay
bright Summer's regent waste,
a quick the proud exotic peers
conservation fled,
t refuge in their greenhouse sought,
efore the sire of dread.

Vase that o'er my casement climb
And clustered day by day,
unt its leaflets every morn;
ee how they fade away!
t as they, withering, one by one,
make their parent tree,
ll each scar and yellow leaf
k hurried hand to me.

t on thy mourning," said my soul,
And with a tearful eye,
k softly and the more drawn
Save thy companions lo —
Violet, like a loving babe,
When the wind was wont to rove,
ed thee with a soft, blue eye,
And lip all hushed unlove;

he Lily, as a royal bride,
While summer suns were fair,
ut her snowy head in thine,
n ideas dear for thy care:
n and proud Ascension;
The Dove from the Vale;
purple Lilac sowing forth,
n guard to some pale;

e injured Rose—where are they
ne from the rifled bower
ne came a thief,—"Take heed to
Your own trembling heart:
Let the strange and silver hair,
And over the temple driven,
as a monition to thee
Autumn of thy days."

From the Gentleman's M

THE COWPENS.

Author of

gard sparkling, fiery red w
ron horseman as he glances
now seen, now hidden by the
foliage, listen to the crackle o
s under his courser's feet;
e quick, yet steady and power
nobler steed, and the erect,
carriage of the rider. You m
e, his countenance shaded th
e, visor of his horseman's cap
keen quick glance of his ra
pression is redeemed from the
ss by a brow like that of J
reem the eye, not high, but b
ith, thick and black eyebrow
ly carved, and remarkably s
the mouth, which ever and a
he the short lip curls with so
the small mossy hand exerts
ul bolt. He was a face to kno
ong surely to our memory an
deep in our recollection. O
ssing it, and yet it would ha
to say what was the predomin
When at rest there was a m
ness and a lurking playfulness
while the eye beamed and mark
feelings which ran through th
on, he has passed from our vi
sound of his horse's hoofs come
ver on the ear.
rsman is William Washingt
e revolution, known for many
bravery, and not unworthy
ndred.
ring tidings of support to
Morgan, and
ager to
de upon the retreating arm
the
ntlemen, with the
ional regularity, covered th
egular, but during body
heir picturesque dress, the r
n, green or brown, and the
on, contrasted with the for
mform of the Line; and then
with the precision of veter
ness and moral as well as
ad dark body of men, that
ect buddy or endure steadi
ng the main body of the ar
ected as scouting parties
the flanks. To most of t
ing, the intricacies of their
miliar; to many the long
mmand with the spread eag
ene of many a youthful
ery first began to raise the
rifle, with weak and unst
and the woods echoed to the
young sportsman, when he
ch, scalping, with steady bolt,
s, with hasty lead, breaking
ed cotton dew, the antlered
eeched to catch the hoarse
ong chase, had bounded to his